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ART. I.—*The True Intellectual System of the Universe: wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated. A Treatise on Immutable Morality; with a Discourse concerning the True Notion of the Lord's Supper; and two Sermons on 1 John ii. 3, 4, and 1 Cor. xv. 57. By RALPH CUDWORTH, D. D. First American Edition; with References to the several Quotations in the Intellectual System; and an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author: by THOMAS BIRCH, M. A., F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. 1838. Andover: published by Gould & Newman.*

RALPH CUDWORTH, the son of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, was born at Aller in Somersetshire, in 1617. The father died while the son was a small boy. The mother married Dr. Stoughton, who educated young Ralph with great care. In youth, he was remarkable for the same qualities which distinguished his riper years. Is it not always true "the child is father of the man?" The Oak and the Fern are oaks and ferns as soon as they leave the parent seed. At thirteen he was admitted a pensioner at Emanuel College, Cambridge; six years after, was created Master of Arts, "with great applause." Soon after he became an eminent tutor at Cambridge, and at one time had twenty-eight scholars under his charge, a great number even for the largest colleges. After a short time he was presented with a rectory that was worth about £300 a year. In 1644, he became Master of Clare-Hall, and the next year, Professor of Hebrew. In 1651, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was con-

ferred on him; three years later, one of his friends writes, "after many tossings, Dr. Cudworth is returned to Cambridge, and settled in Christ's College, and by his marriage, more settled than fixed." He became master of that college the same year, and continued in that office during the rest of his life. A few years later, he was consulted by a committee, appointed by Parliament, "to consider of the translations and impressions of the Bible, and to offer their opinions thereon." In 1662, he was presented to the vicarage of Ashwell; sixteen years after, he was installed prebendary of Gloucester. These later appointments brought him, we trust, rather money than care. He died at Cambridge, June 26th, 1688, leaving one daughter behind him, the wife of Sir Francis Masham.

His first recorded publication was a discourse concerning the true notion of the Lord's Supper, issued in 1642. The next, fifteen years later, a sermon preached before the House of Commons. In 1658, he designed to publish some Latin discourses in defence of Christianity against the Jews; but we know not what prevented him. In 1678, he published the *True Intellectual System* in folio. As might be expected, the book met with great opposition from the courtiers of Charles the Second. But the first publication against it proceeded from a Catholic, the year after its appearance. Many of the less liberal clergy abused him. Mr. Turner called him a Tritheist; others denounced him as an Atheist! a name easily uttered by the impure mouth, and which has sometimes been bestowed on the devoutest of men, as all histories bear witness. We cannot forbear quoting the words of Bishop Warburton, since they contain hints applicable to all times, we fear; certainly to these days.

"The philosopher of Malmesbury was the terror of the last age. . . . The press sweats with controversy, and every young clergyman militant would needs try his arms in thundering upon Hobbes's steel cap. The mischief his writings had done to religion set Cudworth upon projecting its defence. Of this he published one immortal volume; of a boldness very uncommon indeed, but well-becoming a man conscious of his own integrity and strength. For instead of amusing himself with Hobbes's peculiar whimsies, which in a little time were to vanish of themselves, and their answers with them, which are all now forgotten, from the curates to the archbishops, he launched out into the immensity of the *Intellectual System*: and at his first essay,

penetrated the very darkest recesses of antiquity to strip *Atheism* of its disguises, and drag up the lurking monster into day, where, though few readers could follow him, yet the very slowest were able to overtake his purpose. And there wanted not *country clergymen* to lead the cry, and tell the world, *that under pretence of defending revelation, he wrote in the very manner that an artful infidel might naturally be supposed to use in writing against it*; that he had given us *all the filthy stuff that he could scrape together out of the sink of Atheism, as a natural introduction to a demonstration of the truth of revelation*; that with incredible *industry and reading* he had rummaged all antiquity for Atheistical arguments, which he neither knew nor intended to answer. In a word, that he was an Atheist in his heart, and an Arian in his book. But the worst is behind. These silly calumnies were believed. The much injured author grew disgusted. His ardor slackened; and the rest, and far greatest part of the defence never appeared, — a defence that would have left nothing to do for such as our author, but to read it; and for such as our author's adversaries, but to rail at it." — *Divine Legation, &c.* Preface to the First Edition of Books IV. V. and VI. Vol. I. p. 650. London, 1837.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, M. Le Clerc published copious extracts from the *Intellectual System* in his *Bibliothèque Choisie*, at that time the most popular periodical in Europe. He commented upon it with singular felicity, in general, though not without mistakes; and the extracts he made found favor with his readers, it seems, to judge from the prefaces to several volumes of the *Bibliothèque*. But he was involved in a controversy with Mr. Bayle, touching the doctrine of a plastic nature, taught by Dr. C., and which Bayle thought savored of atheism. We have no desire to speak of this controversy. Cudworth's views of the Trinity drew on him the invectives of some of the rigid orthodox party.

It is to be regretted that so little is known of the personal history of this great man. How gladly would we lift the curtain from his mind, and see how the grief and gladness of this many-colored life acted upon him, and how he reacted upon them. Would that some friend had done for him, even the feeble service which Mr. Ward has rendered his contemporary, Dr. Henry More. We wish to see how much of his lofty Ideal was made actual in his life. But we are merely told when this star rose, and when it set; of its hourly lustre, as it sailed on through clearness and cloud, we can only learn

from its dim reflection in his printed works. These afford but an inadequate idea of the man, under the most favorable circumstances ; for the best thoughts are rarely uttered in books ; and the book itself is never fully understood without the life of its author. The artist's words are only the cinders of the fire with which he wrought.

Dr. Cudworth was one of that circle of illustrious men, who contributed so much, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to redeem the character of the clergy in England, and sustain true religion there. The celebrated act of conformity, requiring clergymen of the church to subscribe to the book of common prayer, with all its doctrines, deprived the church of about two thousand of its worthiest servants ; " who," as Bishop Burnet says, " were cast out ignominiously, reduced to great poverty, and provoked by much spiteful usage." This circumstance with the fines and forfeitures, which fell into the lap of the Church, brought great wealth into the hands of the conforming portion of the clergy, — the successors of those who had been deprived of their livings. " With this great accession of wealth," says the same author, " there broke in upon the church a great deal of luxury and high living ; and with this overset of wealth and pomp, that came on men in the decline of their parts and age, they, who were now growing into old age, became lazy, and negligent in all the true concerns of the church. They left preaching and writing to others, while they gave themselves up to ease and sloth. In which sad representations, some few exceptions are to be made ; but so few, that, if a new set of men had not arisen, of another stamp, the church had quite lost her esteem over the nation." * The chief of these men were Drs. Whitcote, Cudworth, Wilkins, More, and Worthington ; all men of great natural powers, surprising learning, and deep, living piety. They studied to awaken a deeper spirit in young students, than was usually found in those times. So they abandoned the set forms of the schools, and directed their pupils to such old writers as Plato, Tully, and Plotinus. " Cudworth carried this on with a great strength of genius, and a vast compass of learning. He was a man of great conduct and prudence ; upon which, his enemies did very falsely accuse him of craft and dissimulation." These

* Burnet's *History of his own Time*. Vol. I. p. 105, fol. edition. Dublin, 1724.

men felt that religion was something more than a conformity with custom, or a sonorous reading of the liturgy. They drew it from the fountain of living water in the soul; not from the broken cisterns of tradition or convention. They saw that conscience was superior to the law of the land; knew that morality is not one thing at Corinth, and another at Rome; but is universal, the same everywhere, is based on eternal principles of justice, and reproduced in each pure soul.

At that time, England was filled with learned men; but with all its Pocockes, and Waltons, and Clarkes, and Castells, it had none more learned than Dr. Cudworth. It was "rich in spiritual men; but though Milton, and Taylor, and Hooker, and Hall, shone in their lustre, there were few more spiritual and pure than Dr. Cudworth, and these "Latitude men about Cambridge," as they were called. They were meek and lowly in Religion, but the fervent faith of apostles glowed in their breasts. These men were foes to fanaticism, to irreligion, and to superstition. They had a hard battle to fight, for they fell on evil times, though glorious; and evil tongues assailed them.

King Charles the Second was a model of irreligion and profligacy. The manners of the court are well known, and its licentiousness could not be concealed. It is with manners as with streams of water, they run downwards; so the people aped the court. The philosophy of Hobbes was a necessary emanation for the great and aristocratic party of those times. His system is well known. "Interest and Fear," he says, are the bonds of society; "Selfishness," the only principle and foundation of morals; the king's decree, the sole basis of religion. The world was his God. A system of philosophy is, perhaps, never the production of a single mind; its apparent author is unconsciously the organ of many men. In this way, Hobbes represents a large party. "He writ his book, first, to favor absolute monarchy, but turned it afterwards to gratify the republican party."*

* Such feats were not uncommon at that time. Walton dedicated his Polyglott to Cromwell, with some adulation; but Charles coming into power, he industriously plucked out the old dedication, and inserted a new one, calling the king, "*most temperate*" and "*very religious*," while he pronounces Cromwell "*the great red dragon*." He had his reward, — a bishopric. So delighted was the king to have the name of *virtuous*, *temperate*, and *religious*, bestowed on him without dreaming of restraint or any denial. Some tell-tale copies still preserve the original dedication, to show there lived more than one Hobbes at that day. But see, who will, a poor defence of Walton in Todd's life of him.

The latitude men attacked the Hobbists, both the speculative and practical, with spiritual weapons. They were in the ranks of the conformists, for they loved the Liturgy and the church, though they deemed it "not unlawful to live without either." They studied the old philosophers. Episcopius was one of their favorite authors. They overthrew the false work of Hobbes, and attempted to erect immutable Morality and spotless Religion on the ground, degraded by sensuality and reverence for might. But as Warburton says touchingly of himself: —

"All this went for nothing with the bigots. He had departed from the *old posture of defence*. *His demonstration, say they, could never make us amends for changing our posture of defence, and deserting our strongholds.* . . . I know not how, — they betray the most woful apprehensions of Christianity, and are frightened to death at every foolish book new-written against religion. And what do our directing engineers advise you to do in this exigence? . . . Keep within your *strong-holds*, watch where they direct their battery, and there to your old mud-walls clap a buttress; and, so it be done with speed, no matter of what material. If, in the mean time, one more bold than the rest, offer to dig away the rubbish that hides its beauty, or kick down an awkward prop that discredits its strength, he is sure to be called by these men, — *a secret enemy or an indiscreet friend*. He is sure to be assaulted with all the rude clamor, and opprobrious names, that bigotry is ever ready to bestow on those it fears and hates." — *Warburton, &c.* p. 649, et seq.

But they met the common reward of such men in this our day. Men of narrow minds, — whose eyes are opened, but wide enough to see a heresy in every new thing, — called them Latitudinarians, though their lives were spotless. Because they would "render a reason for the hope that was in them," the papists denounced them as Socinians, — even as atheists. They published books to show there were no certain proofs of Christianity, unless we took it "upon the authority of the infallible church."

It is said the character of the parent is oftener seen in the child, than the child in the parent; and certainly the teacher is often clearly discovered in pupils. The Latitude men raised up such scholars as John Smith, Bishop Patrick, Lloyd, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet. Poisons and spices both flourish side by side in nature; and so, out of this century, so strangely conspicuous for harmony and discord in church and state; for the din of war, and the sound of revelry; for meanness in proud men,

baseness in honorable men, and littleness in great men ; for perjury in kings, and heroic fidelity in cottages ; out of the time of Bacon and Hampden have risen the brightest stars, yea constellations, that England reveres, in whose light her greatest intellectual achievements have been wrought.

The design of the True Intellectual System is briefly this : To expose in all their strength, all possible forms of Atheism ; to show the falsity and hollowness of all of them, and to bring forward proofs of the existence of God, so strong and convincing, that no one hereafter could have a reasonable doubt of it, more than of the Axioms of Geometry, or the Sentiment of Esteem and Love. To effect this, he sifts the writings of all nations, and every age, to discover all the forms of Atheism. He states the atheistic arguments with perfect freedom, and perfect fairness. If there is any force in them, Dr. Cudworth exhibits the whole of it, to the best advantage. Conscious of his own strength, and the truth of his cause, he had no fear as to the issue of the contest. The Atheist must often be surprised to see his cause appear stronger in his opponent's hands, than in his own. After stating all the reasons of Atheism, he gathers his proofs around him, girds himself for the battle ; completely, we think, and triumphantly replies to every charge ; confronts every hostile argument, be it never so remote, and fairly meets his antagonist, and drives him out of the field of philosophy. All this is done with lawful weapons, and in the spirit of kindness. A careless reader thinks the work disorderly ;

"He can no joints and no contexture find,
Nor its loose parts to any method bring."

He sees no plan in it. But looking fixedly, the reader finds the exactest method pervades the work ; the truest logic unites the several parts of the argument ; and that little is wanting, though much is redundant. At first, he is bewildered with the array of learning, the long and brilliant passages from the old philosophers ; the numerous allies drawn from Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Rome ; from the schools of the middle ages, the cells of monks, and the halls of the Rabbins. He starts at names "that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp." But soon he sees they all serve under one banner, are marshalled in their proper places, and strike each a blow, though sometimes, we fancy, on a dead enemy. But this is done from no

ostentation, as Falstaff (and many heroes of the quill also, who have "an unbounded stomach" for controversy, but think discretion the better part of valor,) hacked the lifeless Hotspur, while there were *living* foes to encounter. But he does this *ex abundanti*, because he has more strength than he can hold. The careless reader turns over these pages, and, seeing the host of citations, pronounces outright the book was written by some one, who had read more than any man could think, and so was fit only to make indices to books, or at best, extracts from them. It is a melancholy truth that some great readers have been small thinkers. Men who have not reached giant-hood heap Pelion upon Ossa, in their reading, hoping to scale Heaven thereby, and take wisdom by storm. Even if they could enter by those means, *they* would find no Divinity in the temple. But their pile of learning, built without the foundation of a strong, masculine mind, topples over, and buries beneath it the ambition of the student, and his small wit. Dr. Faustus, says the legend, sold himself to the devil; and gaining certain privileges for a season, at last lost his own soul forever. But Vengeance never sleeps; he is the father of modern books, to which so many men have sold their souls. Of what avail is it to gain whole libraries, and lose one's own mind?

It is true many bright spirits are shut up in huge tomes, like dried ferns in a botanist's herbal; but it does not follow, because Cudworth was a great reader, that he should not be a great thinker also. The world has known many such. Such were Aristotle, Pliny the Elder, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, among the ancients; Leibnitz, Bayle, Taylor, and Richter, in later times, who read every thing, and were yet the brightest and most original of men. We could never see why a seaman, who has been round the world again and again, cannot pilot a boat across his native lake, as well as one who had seen no other waters. Perhaps M. Von Humbolt can find his way through the streets of Göttingen, as well after his travels as before.

But to return to Dr. Cudworth. The reader will find in him an unusual discernment, an extraordinary penetration combined with rare skill in the use of materials, his boundless erudition has furnished. What is still better, the spirit of Christianity dwells in him. You see that he has drunk from the fountain of life. He can reason with an opponent, and yet not be angry; can reprove without harshness, and censure without sarcasm.

He is one of the few men who can lawfully engage in controversy, for he hates no man, not even an Hobbist.

In this article, only a brief summary can be afforded of his arguments against Atheism. At first, he says, he had only designed to write a discourse against the doctrine of Fatalism, or Necessity, which undermines Christianity, and all religions, by taking away the distinction between Good and Evil, and to set forth the true intellectual system which involves freedom in man, and a discernment between Right and Wrong. Afterwards, he thought it necessary to go behind this doctrine of Fatalism, and demonstrate the existence of a self-conscious and intelligent God. Atheism is the false intellectual system of the Universe; but the true one consists of three principles. 1. There is a self-conscious God, ruling over all things. 2. God is good, and there is an eternal distinction between Good and Evil. 3. Men are free agents, and therefore accountable Beings. The whole Intellectual System was designed to comprise, I. A Treatise against Atheism. II. One on Moral Good and Evil. III. A treatise on Liberty and Necessity. The present work comprises only the first treatise, but it is perfect in itself.*

This work is divided into five chapters: the first treats of the three forms of Atheism, namely, that of some "Neoteric Christians," that "Contingent Liberty is impossible;" that of Zeno, (the Stoic,) Chrysippus, and others, that "All things are predestined by the Will of God;" and the System of Democritus and some modern Atheists, that "There is no Immaterial or Spiritual Substance in Existence," and, consequently, all the actions of men are resolved into the mechanism of senseless matter. He calls this last the Democritical faith, from the founder of a famous Atheistic sect in ancient times. But in

* The other works still exist in Manuscript, at Cambridge, except a small treatise on *Free-Will*, recently published, edited by John Allen. London, 1839. The treatise on *Good and Evil* consists of about one thousand pages in folio; and that on *Liberty and Necessity* is of about the same size. We wish the enterprising publishers of these volumes would procure a copy of these manuscripts, and publish them here. Can there be a doubt the public would reward their enterprise? There is no hope they will find an English editor for centuries to come. The English are too deeply engaged in rail-roads and steam-boats; in resolving mind into matter; commenting on Jeremy Bentham; translating the Fathers; establishing the infallibility of the church, and making mouths at the invisible event of German Philosophy, to think of publishing Dr. Cudworth.

opposing the system of Fatalism, the author admits the protective Providence of a God essentially good.

The Democritical Fatalism, which denied the existence of God, was built on a peculiar physiological theory, called the Atomical System, because it made matter consist of indivisible atoms. It regarded matter as extended bulk, which has only these attributes, accidents, or qualities, namely, figure, divisibility, size, position or impenetrability, and motion or rest. These qualities explain all the phenomena of matter: growth and decay being only addition or diminution of atoms; and the sensible notions of cold and hot, sweet and bitter, and the like, belong only to the observer, and not to matter.* Now it is commonly thought the Atomical System favors Atheism, and was the invention of Leucippus, Democritus, or Protagorus, who were all Atheists. However, it was the invention of no Atheist, but of Moschus, a Phenician, who lived before the Trojan war; and it does not favor Atheism, for the old Atomists affirmed the existence of immaterial spirit and of God. Such was the belief of Thales, Pherecydes the Syrian, Pythagoras, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and most of the Atomists before Democritus. They believed in the existence of a God, in immaterial spirit, and in the immortality of the soul. Now Theism and Immaterialism† are not inconsistent with the Atomical system; for that arose from discovering two things in nature, *Matter and Life*; and from seeing the impossibility that matter, which is necessarily senseless, could be the cause of all movement, sensation, and thought. So immaterial substance is as

* This is the modern theory, which refers the primary qualities to matter itself, and the secondary to the mind of the observer. The one is supposed to be essential to matter, and to exist in it; the other to belong entirely to the mind. But there appears no reason for referring one to matter more than the other. True, we cannot conceive matter without figure; but is not the figure, strictly speaking, as much a subjective idea as that of red-color? Are not both, primary and secondary qualities, to be equally referred to the laws of the mind, and not imposed on matter? The mind can shake off the law, so far as the secondary qualities are concerned, but cannot rid itself of the primary. Young Scriblerus could not conceive a Lord Mayor without his gold chain. Are the primary qualities any thing more than the robes in which the mind clothes matter?

† *Theism*, the Worship of God, in opposition to *Atheism*, the denial of a God.

Immaterialism or *Spiritualism*, belief in the existence of something distinct from matter: in oppositon to *Materialism* and *Corporealism*.

much the result of observation as material substance. Indeed, the distinction which the Atomists make between the primary, or objective, and secondary, or subjective quality of matter, supposes there is an immaterial substance; for since the primary belong to matter, the secondary qualities must proceed from an immaterial spirit; otherwise, something must come from nothing. Sensation cannot result from the primary qualities of matter, figure, divisibility, and the like; still less can Reason and Will be referred to that source, unless something can come from nothing. So there must be an immaterial spirit. There is no mind or life in the mechanism of matter, and to make it the cause of mind and life is to make something come from nothing. Therefore the old Atomists believed the immateriality and the immortality of the soul, as the only hypothesis capable of solving the phenomena of the world. But they believed also the preëxistence and transmigration of souls, declaring the soul to be as old as the particles of the body, or of any other matter.

But the Atomical system does not demand the preëxistence of souls, for they must have been created in time; and it is neither proved nor probable they were all created at the same time.* Matter has only one action, namely, local motion; and this can never produce life, or thought, or will, unless something can proceed from nothing.

Now succeeding philosophers, Democritus, Leucippus, and others, took only the Atomical part of this old system, and denied the existence of immaterial spirit, and even of a corporeal God. But they were false to their principles; for they made all sense, life, and reason, proceed from local motion, or from nothing.

“If these Atheists were the first inventors of this philosophy, they certainly were very unhappy and unsuccessful in it. Whilst

* It may be said this would prove the immateriality and immortality of animals' souls. But what then? Dr. Cudworth quiets the scruples of men who wish to be the *only* immortal spirits, by saying, “*perhaps* God will destroy that part of animals which would otherwise have been immortal.” He does not say this is his *own* opinion. But it was the opinion of most of the Fathers, that animals are immortal; and Bishop Butler says, “Nor can we find anything throughout the whole analogy of nature, to afford us even the slightest presumption that animals ever lose their living powers. Much less, if it were possible, that they lose them by death.” — Anal. Pt. I. ch. I. pp. 63, 68.

endeavoring by it to secure themselves from the possibility and danger of a corporeal God, they unawares laid the foundation for an incorporeal one, and were indeed so far from making up any such coherent frame as is pretended, that they were forced everywhere to contradict their own principles." — Vol. I. p. 112, et seq.

The corporealist is not necessarily an Atheist; but if he believes the Atomical System also, he must be one, or believe thought, and will, and life come from nothing.

In the second chapter, he proceeds to state the various objections made against Theism. The following, are the principal grounds, relied on by the Atheist. No man can have an Idea of God; (it is only a name;) there can be no creation out of nothing; and no incorporeal substance. The world is not governed by a living, spiritual power, for sense and reason naturally belong to our material organization; there can be no immortal being, (as God is alleged to be) — for all are but concretions of atoms, and therefore mortal; and no self-originated or uncreated cause, for the mover must himself have been moved by an outward force. So there is a chain of finite causes, without beginning; all knowledge arises from perception of the object of knowledge; now a God, if there were one, could not conceive of the world before it was made, and therefore could not be its author. Besides, all things are so poorly made, and so mixed with evils, that they cannot be the work of an infinitely wise and good being; human affairs are all *tohu* and *bohu*, without form and void. Again, it is impossible for a God to govern and overrule all things, at the same time; and if he could, it would render him perplexed and unhappy. If there is a God, why did not he make the world sooner? or later? How could he make it at all? Finally, it is for the interest of all men in general, that there should be no God, — for there then will be no retribution, — and of kings in particular, for all society is held together by fear alone; and if there is one greater than the king, men will fear him. As the rod of Moses swallowed up those of the Egyptians, so will fear of God swallow up fear of the king, and destroy all society, which is the artificial creature of policy, and has no foundation in nature. This latter was the argument of Hobbes, who adds, farther, that Theism, by the way of religion, introduces conscience, "which is contradictory to civil sovereignty; the allowance of a private conscience being a dissolution of the body politic."

From all these arguments, the Atheist concludes that mind and all things spring from senseless nature and chance.

“Wherefore infinite atoms of different sizes and figures, devoid of all life and sense, moving fortuitously from eternity in infinite space, and making successively several encounters, and consequently various inflexions and intanglements with one another, produced first a confused chaos of these omnifarious particles, fumbling together with infinite variety of motions, which afterwards, by the tugging of their different and contrary forces, whereby they all hindered and abated each other, came, as it were, to be conglomerated into a vortex of vortexes; when, after many convolutions and evolutions, molitions and essays, (in which all manner of tricks were tried, and all forms imaginable were experimented,) they chanced in length of time, here to settle, into this form and system of things, which now is. . . . So that senseless matter fortuitously moved, and material chaos were the first original of things.” — Vol. I. p. 152.

The third chapter contains an account of the other forms which Atheism has assumed, and is introduced by an account of what he calls Hylozoic Atheism. This makes matter consist of an infinite number of atoms, each severally endowed with life, and power of self-determination; so they can form themselves into sensible animals, or reasonable men. This being the case, no God is needed to create the world, or to govern it. “It is so beautiful, it subsists by its own harmony, and needs no outward cause.” Hylozoism makes life and capability of thought *essential* to matter; while Atomism calls it *accidental*, and is unable to account for thought. The one requires Corporealism, and the other Spiritualism, to make the system perfect. Now the Hylozoist is not always an Atheist, for he might believe there was a God who created these wise atoms; but usually, the Hylozoist believes in the self-existence of his atoms; and so all taken together constitute God,—who is therefore unconscious, and devoid of reason, or there is no God to him.

This system is a monstrous paradox, for it supposes each separate atom in a man's body, before it took its present form, had a perfect knowledge of its ability; a perfect idea of the man's body and mind; and since the man himself has no such knowledge, each particle in his system knows more than all the particles, more than the whole man; yet it is not self-conscious, “which is a piece of very mysterious nonsense.” Besides, this

conglomeration of infinitely wise atoms has no head, and no common mind ; but each atom acts on its own account ; there can be no unity of consciousness therefore. Strato of Lamp-sacus is thought to be the inventor of this system.*

A third kind of Atheism was the system of Anaximander. He referred all things to senseless matter, maintaining that they arose from the fortuitous concourse of hot and cold, wet and dry particles.

The fourth kind is the Stoical Atheism, which declares the whole world to be one great plant, or animal, (it is doubtful which,) with one common but unconscious life, or soul. All these four kinds of Atheism, the Atomical, the Hylozoic, the Anaximandrian, and the Stoical agree in two things. That there is no substance in existence but body, and that all life, sense, thought, consciousness, and individuality, are produced out of nothing, (for it is this in the last analysis,) and return to nothing again.†

These four are all the forms Atheism has ever assumed, and the author thinks no other is possible ; for all Atheists are materialists. It is indeed, a striking fact, that none of the ancient Idealists, none even who affirmed the existence of Immaterial Spirit, doubted the existence of God. Yet we see not why there has been no system of Atheism, which admitted the existence of Immaterial Spirit ; for it might as well be based on subjective Idealism as on objective Realism.

In the fourth chapter, he proceeds to the great work of answering the objections and arguments of the Atheist. To the first, that there is no idea of God, or no conception in man's mind answering to the name, so that it is a mere word, he says, it is impossible all nations should use a word and not connect the idea with it, but the sound of the letters. If one denies the improbability of this, it is not easy to confute him ; for the most evident things are the least capable of proof. But the Atheist himself has an idea in his mind when he denies the existence of God. Now, in fact, the idea of God is that of a self-existent Being, self-conscious, infinitely wise, powerful, just, and good ; in a word, a Being infinitely perfect.

* Some think he was not an Atheist ; but the charge can be proved against him. See *Ritter* gesch. der Philosophie, Vol. III. p. 410, et seq.

† In this chapter he makes a long digression. — XXXVII. p. 208, et seq., to which we shall return.

This definition, which, without limiting, distinguishes the idea of God from all other ideas,—implies Unity ; there can be but one Infinite Being. Now there is one forcible objection to this idea, including unity as it does, arising from the alleged fact, that most philosophers and nations have believed in many gods. The objector takes the fact for granted ; but the question must be examined.

The author examines it at length, and proves that the Pagan deities were never considered as so many uncreated, self-existent gods ; but were descended from ONE who alone was self-existent. Such was the system of Hesiod, and of the Gnostic Valentinian. The Manicheans came the nearest to Polytheism ; for they maintained there were two principles, one good, and the other evil. But it is doubtful if that was their belief ; for Zoroaster, the inventor of the system, and the Persian theologians, who followed him, believed only in one eternal, self-existent Being. Even the early Christians did not charge the Heathen with the belief of many uncreated and independent gods. Excepting the one Supreme God, all the pagan deities may be reduced to the following classes : souls of dead men ; the powers and objects of nature personified ; demons, that is, superior created beings, called devils and angels in Christian phraseology ; thoughts and feelings personified, e. g. faith, hope, wisdom, &c. ; and the several names given to the one God, as he was conceived of in various relations. Thus, they believed in many gods, but only in one Supreme God, who was the head of all things.* Sometimes they called their deities eternal ; but they likewise called matter eternal, though not uncreated ; for they, with the other Platonists, supposed God was eternally creative, and therefore matter was eternally created. They did not ascribe the same honors to the created as to the self-existent God.

Again ; the opponents of Christianity, Celsus, Porphyry, Hierocles, Julian, and others, were all Monotheists. Their belief in one God was not a notion conjured up for the occa-

* Christians generally believe in various orders of angels, and it would be quite as reasonable to charge them with Polytheism, as to charge many of the Greeks and Romans with it. The common doctrine (?) of the agency of the Devil is equally polytheistic (or dualistic) with the speculations of Plutarch and the Manicheans. The follies of the Zoroastrian doctrine are not yet extinct. Are Schelling and Hegel less Polytheistic than Hesiod and Seneca ?

sion ; for Zoroaster and Orpheus, two of the most strenuous defenders of Polytheism, assert the existence of one Supreme Infinite God. The following is from Orpheus, and is undoubtedly genuine ; for it is quoted in a work written before Christ.

“ The high-thundering Jove is both the first and last ; Jove is both the head and middle of all things ; all things were made out of Jupiter ; Jove is both a man and an immortal maid ; Jove is the profundity of the earth and starry heaven ; Jove is the breath of all things ; Jove is the force of the untamable fire ; Jove is the bottom of the sea ; Jove is sun, moon, and stars ; Jove is both the original and king of all things. There is one power and one God, and one great ruler over all.” — Vol. I. p. 404.

But Orpheus was no Pantheist ; for in the celebrated riddle, in the Orphic Poems, the World-Maker asks Night, “ How can all things be one, and yet each have a distinct being ? ” He said God passes through and intimately pervades all things. He expressed himself strongly on this point, as the Bible does, which says God “ is all in all,” “ quickens all things,” and “ in him we live, and move, and have our being.” But the author declares this is a “ ticklish point,” so we will hasten from it, to his conclusion, that the “ Greekish Pagans acknowledge one universal, and all comprehending Deity, — one that was all.”

The Egyptians were the most Polytheistic of all nations. Juvenal says “ every clove of garlic was a god ” with them. But they taught the unity of God, — this he shows from the writings of Trismegistus, Plutarch, and Jamblichus. But the Egyptians said God was all, and worshipped the manifestations of him in all things, and called him by the name of every thing. “ Call him therefore by every name, because he is one and all things ; so that of necessity, either all things must be called by his name, or he by the name of all things.”

“ He is both the things that are, and the things that are not ; for the things that are he hath manifested, but the things that are not he contains within himself. He is all things that are, and therefore he hath all names, because all things are from *one* father ; and therefore he hath no name, because he is the father of all things. . . . What is God but the being of all things that yet are not, and the subsistence of things that are ? . . . Is God invisible ? Speak worthily of him, for who is more manifest than he ? For this very reason did he make all things, that thou mightest see him through all things. . . . I will begin with a

prayer to him, who is the Lord and maker and father and bound of all things, and who being all things is one, — for the fulness of all things is one, and in one.” — Vol. I. p. 462, et seq.

Such is the doctrine of the Trismegistic books. The old Egyptian legend, that Osiris was torn to pieces by Typhon, and scattered abroad, shows how men separated the deity in fancy, — while he was one in their Reason ; for Isis, or true Knowledge, gathers up the scattered members and unites them into a whole once more. Even the Poets, who had so large a share in forming the common phraseology respecting the gods, taught the existence of one Supreme, and supposed all the others to be created beings. We have not space for his extracts from Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles.

All the Philosophers, he says, who were not Atheists, taught the existence of one God. Epicurus is no exception to this assertion, — for he was an Atheist, and pretended to conform to the polytheistic language of the times. All the Eleatics, (who were Pantheists,) with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their followers, were Monotheists.

But we must fly with a swift wing over the author's arguments and extracts. The following Hymn is from Cleanthes, a disciple of Zeno, who flourished about three hundred years before Christ. Our version aspires to no merit but that of fidelity.

Noblest of the immortals, many-named, ever-omnipotent,
Jove, Ruler of Nature, who guidest all things with order,
All hail ! Thou art ready to listen to all mortals,
For we are thine offspring, all of us mortals who live
And creep upon the Earth, and are but an image of thy
voice ;

Thee will I hymn in this, and thy power will ever praise ;
Thee all this World, revolving round the Earth
Obeys. . . . And willingly is ruled by thee.

Within unwearied hands thou holdest

The obedient, twofold, fiery, ever-living Thunder,

All nature quivers underneath its stroke.

Alone thou art o'er all the King Supreme,

God, without thee, there is no deed upon the Earth,

Nor in the divine ethereal realm, nor on the Sea,

Save that alone, the wicked in their folly work.

Thou dost harmonize the unharmonious, the unlovely lovely
is to thee.

All that's good thou dost with evil fittingly join in one,
 So that there ever is one universal law of all.
 This all wicked, mortal men attempt to shun,
 Ill-fated men, forever longing to possess the Good,
 They neither see, nor hear God's universal Law,
 Obedient to which, in reason they a noble life would lead,
 Bereft of this, blind, they rush on, this way the one, the
 other, that.

Oh Jove inscrutable, giver of all, Lord of the thunderbolt,
 From this sad folly, Jove, deliver men ;
 Forth from the Soul drive it afar. That wisdom
 May they find, wherewith thou rulest all,
 That we, honored thereby, to thee may honors pay,
 Forever singing of thy works, as it becometh mortal men ;
 For greater glory cometh not, to men or gods,
 Than to sing forth thy universal law in never-ceasing
 songs. — Vol. I. p. 573, et seq.

Saint Cyril says emphatically, —

“ It is manifest to all, that among those who philosophize in the Greek way, it is universally acknowledged that *there is one God*, the maker of the universe, *who is by nature above all things*; but that there have been made by him . . . certain other gods (as they call them) both sensible und intelligible.” — Vol. I. p. 592.

This was not the opinion of the learned merely, but of the people. This fact is admitted by Philo, Josephus, and St. Paul. The latter says they “ Knew God, but would not glorify him as God.” “ The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.” He even tells the Athenians they worship God devoutly, and he has only come to declare more perfectly unto them the God they already worship.

The author next goes into a long enumeration and account of the gods of the ancients, and concludes, the Heathen thought God was diffused throughout All ; permeated All ; acted upon All things. Some added he *was* All. Even when they worshipped an inferior object, it was the one God they worshipped in that object. Some regarded the world as the body of God ; others, as his temple. In both cases, all parts of the world were to be honored. Some called it a second or third God, and honored a portion of Nature as the Son of God. Since it was hard to understand God, they worshipped him piece-meal, according to the various manifestations of himself.

He next goes into a long digression upon the trinity, which he finds taught in Plato, and most of the other Philosophers, as distinctly as in the Bible, and fancies the trinity of Plato was the same with that of the early fathers. He thus concludes this portion of his argument : —

“Hitherto, in way of answer to an atheistic objection against the naturalty of the idea of God, as including oneliness in it, from the Pagan Polytheism, have we largely proved that, at least, the civilized and intelligent Pagans generally acknowledged only one sovereign Numen; and that their polytheism was partly but fantastical, nothing but the polyonymy of one Supreme God, worshipping of him under different names and notions, according to his several virtues and manifestations; and that though, besides this, they had another polytheism also; yet this was only of many inferior or created gods, subordinate to one supreme or uncreated.

“Which, notwithstanding, is not so to be understood, as if we did confidently affirm, that the opinion of many independent deities never to have entered into the mind of any mortal. For since human nature is so mutable and depravable, as that, notwithstanding the connate idea and prolepsis of God in the minds of men, some unquestionably do degenerate and lapse into Atheism, there can be no reason, why it should be thought absolutely impossible, for any ever to entertain that false conceit of more independent deities.” — Vol. II. p. 30.

In the last chapter, he attempts to confute all the Atheistic arguments. We can give an analysis of only a small portion of this chapter, which is a masterpiece of reasoning and illustration. Some Atheists pretend that God is inconceivable, because he is incomprehensible. But we can conceive of subjects we cannot fully comprehend; few things are fully comprehensible, for we know only of properties, and not essences. Therefore, Truth is always greater than our minds. As we can touch a mountain which we cannot clasp, so we can apprehend God, though we cannot comprehend him. But again; if he is not comprehensible to us, we know more of him than of most beings; but there is infinity to be known of him, therefore much is still not comprehended. Thus, the Sun has more visibility than any other sensible object, but it dazzles our eyes.

Again, it is said Infinity is not conceivable, and God cannot be finite; so God is not conceivable. But the old Atheists said

matter was infinite ; and it is certain something *must be* infinite, or the finite could not exist ; unless something could come of nothing. The Atheists contend against infinite power, which they assert is inconceivable ; for Descartes said God could make twice two not four. But infinite power is only *perfect* power : ability to do whatever is possible, everything which implies no contradiction. The term infinite is negative, but the Idea is positive ; while the idea of the finite is truly but a negation of the infinite ; for, in the logical order, an idea of the perfect precedes that of the imperfect. Infinity in one attribute includes infinity in all the others ; and thus, the idea of God is not an arbitrary compilation of conflicting attributes.

It is with reluctance we find ourselves constrained to pass over his reply to the Atheists, who derive the Idea of God from fear, ignorance of causes, and the policy of rulers and legislators. To us it is perfectly satisfactory, though his appeal to a "plastic nature" seems not philosophy, but a despair of philosophy. The argument drawn from wonderful events, predictions, oracles, and apparitions, is equally worthless ; but in his day men thought otherwise. However, he lays little stress on this argument. He says well, —

"Although the existence of a God . . . cannot be demonstrated *a priori*, yet may we, notwithstanding, from our very selves, — and from what is contained in our own minds, or otherwise consequent from him, by undeniable principles of reason, necessarily infer his existence. And whensoever any thing is thus necessarily inferred from what is undeniable and indubitable, this is demonstration that the thing *is*, though not *why* it is. And many of the geometrical demonstrations are no other." — Vol. II. pp. 134, 135, et seq.

The ground, on which the existence of God is to be proved, is the fidelity of the human faculties. "Whatsoever is clearly and distinctly perceived in things abstract and universal, by any one rational being in the whole world, is not a private thing, and true to him only that perceived it, but it is . . . a public, catholic, and universal Truth, that obtains everywhere, and is extended through the vast Ether, and through boundless space." "Knowledge," says Origen, "is the only thing in the world which creatures have, that is, in its own nature, firm. Because sense is seeming and fantastical, we have no cause to suspect the same of all mental perception. It is no way congruous to

think that God Almighty should make rational creatures, so as to be an utter impossibility of ever attaining to any certainty of his existence ; or of having no more than an hypothetical assurance of it, — if our faculties be true, then there is a God." Vol. II. pp. 138 – 140.

He then gives the various metaphysical arguments for the existence of God. Some of them will have little value to all minds ; for one man likes one argument, another a different one.

1. The Idea of God, or a perfect Being, includes necessary existence ; therefore there is a God. This is the argument of Descartes. Dr. Cudworth lays no stress on it, but gives what may be said for and against it.

2. Whatever involves no contradiction in it, is actual or possible. The Idea of God involves no contradiction, so is possible. But if God is possible, he is actual ; therefore, he is. He lays little stress on this argument.

3. Something existed from eternity, without beginning ; this could be none but a perfect Being, or God. In the controversy between Theists and Atheists, it is taken for granted, that something existed from eternity, without beginning ; and something also is made, or had a beginning. Is that which existed from all eternity, and is the cause of all other things, a perfect Being ? (i. e. God,) or is it senseless and inanimate matter ; the most imperfect of all things ? Now it is certain the less perfect might proceed from the more perfect ; but the reverse is quite impossible, unless something can come from nothing. Another question at issue between them is this : Is mind (i. e. God) unmade and eternal, or is it generated and made out of senseless matter ? If there had once been nothing at all, there could never have been anything. If once there had been no life in the Universe, there could never be any life ; and if once there had been no mind, understanding, or knowledge, there could never become any, unless something could come from nothing. Mind can cause matter, but matter cannot cause mind.

4. There are eternal truths, (e. g. the axioms of geometry, the conclusions of science, the principles of morality, &c. — “for these are not things of to-day, or yesterday ; but they ever live, and no man knows whence they come,”) and this fact supposes the existence of an eternal mind, from whence they come, and in which they reside. This can be no other than the infinitely perfect Being, comprehending its own power ; all the possibilities of things, mind, and knowledge in us, suppose

the existence of an infinite mind. We think Dr. Cudworth would have been more convincing, if he had dwelt more on this argument,—and that from consciousness. We *feel* there is a God; and when we attempt to legitimate the feeling in the court of Reason, or the understanding, we often use very imperfect arguments, and rarely state the true ground of our belief in a God. It is mainly, that we *feel* this truth.* But the author was contending with men who denied they felt this truth. Therefore, he made use of arguments which do little to *produce* belief in God, though they are really incontrovertible, and support and defend that belief when it is produced. Was any man ever *argued* into belief in God? Perhaps so. But pious David says "*Taste and see how good the Lord is,*"—find him out by sentiment, as it were by sensation, and not merely by speculation.

Dr. Cudworth then comes to "the very Achilles of the Atheists,"—the famous maxim that "nothing comes from nothing." This means Nothing can bring itself out of non-existence into Being: or, Nothing can be made without an efficient cause. This maxim is true, and it follows therefrom, that something is unmade, the cause of all other things, and is perfect; for the less perfect cannot produce the more perfect. But the Atheist says nothing can be created or made which was not previously existing, though perhaps in another form. Now if the axiom were true in this sense, it would be no more hostile to Theism than to Atheism, for the phenomena of the world would remain inexplicable by either. But there is no difficulty in supposing matter created from nothing. Is it not as easy for the Infinitely perfect Being to create a world, as for us to create a thought, or move an arm? If such a being

* See some acute and valuable remarks on this point by President Hopkins, in the "Specimens of Foreign Literature, Vol. I. p. 204, note. Dr. Cudworth himself laid little stress on any or all these arguments for a Deity. "It will not follow from hence," says he, "that whosoever shall read these demonstrations and understand all the words of them, must therefore be presently convinced and put out of all manner of doubt concerning the existence of God. Minds cleansed and purged from vice may, without syllogistic reasonings, and mathematical demonstrations, have an undoubted assurance of the existence of God. Purity possesses men with an assurance of the best things, whether this assurance be called divine sagacity, or Faith, which is a certain higher and divine power in the Soul, that peculiarly correspondeth with the Deity."

cannot create out of nothing,* then all things must have existed from eternity, and be self-existent and independent; but the Atheist denies the previous existence of the human soul, so it must have been created.

Without a God, all things must come from nothing, for there is no other efficient cause conceivable for anything. Now the Atheists believe this, for they are willing to believe all things rather than believe a God. Now if it were true that matter was the only unmade thing, thought could not come from it; for this would be to bring something out of nothing. So then, all things, including thought, reason, &c., must have come from matter, — which is the same as coming from nothing, without an efficient cause, — or have proceeded from God. If there is no God, the idea of Him as a perfect Being, in our minds, must have proceeded from nothing.

“In the first place, therefore, we shall fetch our beginning from what hath been already often declared, that it is mathematically certain, that Something or other did exist of itself from all eternity, or without beginning, and unmade by anything else. The certainty of which proposition dependeth upon this very principle, as its foundation, that Nothing can come from nothing, or be made out of nothing, or that Nothing, which once was not, can of itself come into being without a cause; it following unavoidably from thence, that, if there had been once nothing, there could never have been anything. And having thus laid the foundation, we shall in the next place make this further superstructure, that because something did certainly exist of itself from eternity unmade, therefore is there also actually a necessarily-existent being. For to suppose, that anything did exist of itself from eternity, by its own free-will and choice, and therefore not necessarily but contingently, since it might have willed otherwise; this is to suppose it to have existed before it was, and so positively to have been the cause of itself; which is impossible, as hath been already declared. When a thing therefore is said to be of itself, or the cause of itself, this is to be understood no otherwise, than either in a negative sense, as having nothing else for its cause; or because its necessary eternal existence is essential to the perfection of its own nature. That, therefore, which existed of itself from eternity, independently upon any-

* This language is sometimes used as if it were supposed God made the world out of nothing, — as a cloak is made of velvet or satin. The meaning is, It was created. He said, “Be, and it was.” He unfolded it out of himself.

thing else, did not so exist contingently, but necessarily ; so that there is undoubtedly something actually in being, whose existence is and always was necessary. In the next place, it is certain also, that nothing could exist necessarily of itself, but what included necessity of existence in its own nature. For to suppose anything to exist of itself necessarily, which hath no necessity of existence in its own nature, is plainly to suppose that necessary existence of it to come from nothing, since it could neither proceed from that thing itself, nor yet from anything else. Lastly, there is nothing, which includes necessity of existence in its very nature and essence, but only an absolute perfect being. The result of all which is, that God, or a perfect being, doth certainly exist ; and that there is nothing else, which existed of itself from eternity, necessarily and independently : but all other things whatsoever derived their being from him, or were caused by him, matter or body itself not excepted." — Vol. II. pp. 193, 194.

We pass over his reply to several Atheistic objections, drawn from the incorporeality of God, and approach his argument from "the frame of things," which the Atheist represents, as disorderly and exceedingly imperfect. Here, a couple of extracts will suffice : —

"But they, who, because judgment is not presently executed upon the ungodly, blame the management of things as faulty, and Providence as defective, are like such spectators of a dramatic poem, as when wicked or injurious persons are brought upon the stage, for a while swaggering and triumphing, impatiently cry out against the dramatist, and presently condemn the plot ; whereas, if they would but expect the winding up of things, and stay till the last close, they should then see them come off with shame and sufficient punishment. The evolution of the world, as Plotinus calls it, is ἀληθέστερον ποίημα, a truer poem ; — and we mere histrionic actors upon the stage, who, notwithstanding, insert something of our own into the poem too : but God Almighty is that skilful dramatist, who always connecteth that of ours, which went before, with what of his follows after, into good, coherent sense, and will at last make it appear, that a thread of exact justice did run through all, and that rewards and punishments are measured out in geometrical proportion.

"Lastly. It is in itself fit, that there should be somewhere a doubtful and cloudy state of things, for the better exercise of virtue and faith. For, as there could have been no Hercules, had there not been monsters to subdue ; so, were there no such

difficulties to encounter with, no puzzles and entanglements of things, no temptations and trials to assault us, virtue would grow languid, and that excellent grace of faith want due occasion and objects to exercise itself upon. Here have we therefore such a state of things, and this world is, as it were, a stage erected for the more difficult part of virtue to act upon, and where we are to live by faith and not by sight; that faith, which is 'the substance of things to be hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;' a belief in the goodness, power, and wisdom of God, when all things are dark and cloudy round about us. 'The just shall live by his faith.'

* * * * *

"God made the whole most beautiful, entire, complete, and sufficient; all agreeing friendly with itself and its parts; both the nobler and the meaner of them being alike congruous thereunto. Whosoever, therefore, from the parts thereof, will blame the whole, is an absurd and unjust censurer. For we ought to consider the parts, not alone by themselves, but in reference to the whole, whether they be harmonious and agreeable to the same. Otherwise we shall not blame the universe, but some of its parts only taken by themselves; as if one should blame the hair or toes of a man, taking no notice at all of his Divine visage and countenance; or omitting all other animals, one should attend only to the most contemptible of them; or, lastly, overlooking all other men, consider only the most deformed Ther-sites. But that, which God made, was the whole as one thing; which he that attends to may hear it speaking to him after this manner: 'God Almighty hath made me, and from thence came I, perfect and complete, and standing in need of nothing, because in me are contained all things; plants, and animals, and good souls, and men happy with virtue, and innumerable demons, and many gods. Nor is the earth alone in me adorned with all manner of plants, and a variety of animals; or does the power of soul extend at most no further than to the seas; as if the whole air, and ether, and heaven, in the mean time, were quite devoid of soul, and altogether unadorned with living inhabitants. Moreover, all things in me desire good, and everything reaches to it according to its power and nature. For the whole depends upon that first and highest Good, the gods themselves, who reign in my several parts, and all animals, and plants, and whatsoever seems to be inanimate in me. For some things in me partake only of being, some of life also, some of sense, some of reason, and some of intellect above reason. But no man ought to require equal things from unequal; nor that the finger should see,

but the eye ; it being enough for the finger to be a finger, and to perform its own office.' . . . As an artificer would not make all things in an animal to be eyes ; so neither has the Divine *Λόγος*, or spermatic reason of the world, made all things gods ; but some gods, and some demons, and some men, and some lower animals ; not out of envy, but to display its own variety and fecundity. But we are like unskilful spectators of a picture, who condemn the limner, because he hath not put bright colors everywhere ; whereas he had suited his colors to every part respectively, giving to each such as belonged to it. Or else are we like those, who would blame a comedy or tragedy, because they were not all kings or heroes, that acted in it ; but some servants and rustic clowns introduced also, talking after their rude fashion. Whereas the dramatic poem would neither be complete, nor elegant and delightful, were all those worser parts taken out of it." — Vol. II. pp. 337 – 340.

He then answers several other objections, and concludes the work with this passage : —

"And now, having fully confuted all the atheistic grounds, we confidently conclude, that the first original of all things was neither stupid and senseless matter fortuitously moved ; nor a blind and nescient, but orderly and methodical plastic nature ; nor a living matter, having perception or understanding natural, without animal sense or consciousness ; nor yet did everything exist of itself necessarily from eternity, without a cause. But there is one only necessary existent, the Cause of all other things ; and this an absolutely perfect Being, infinitely good, wise, and powerful ; who hath made all, that was fit to be made, and according to the best wisdom, and exerciseth an exact providence over all ; whose name ought to be hallowed, and separated from all other things ; To whom be all honor, and glory, and worship, forever and ever. Amen." — Vol. II. p. 360.

But criticism is not to point out the merits of a work alone ; its imperfections and faults must also be stated. In attempting to explain the phenomena of the world, he finds two methods pursued ; one makes God to act constantly, or interpose in each operation of nature, in order to bring about the result ; the other makes the material objects in nature, acting mechanically, produce the result without any such direct action or interposition of God. Dr. Cudworth objects to the latter, because it removes God from the world, making all depend on "fortuitous mechanism ;" and to the former, because it is inconsistent

with the dignity and character of God to interpose at the formation of an acorn, or the generation of a gnat. So he devises a third method, and interposes a "plastic nature," as he calls it; that is, he supposes an unconscious power resides in nature, which works blindly, without knowledge, — and yet for certain definite purposes. — Vol. I. pp. 209–254.

As it was said above, Le Clerc defended this doctrine. But Bayle thought it led to Atheism;* for if a senseless plastic nature could work intelligently for ends, all things might be produced out of senseless matter. But the author supposed this plastic nature was created by God, to serve as a mediator between him and nature. It was his instrument to act on the material world, while Descartes and others supposed the material world itself was his instrument. Dr. Cudworth's hypothesis seems altogether unnecessary. If it is necessary that an arm should strike out of the clouds, (so to say,) from time to time, into the wheel-work of the world, to make the hands move faster or slower on the dial of Time, then the Universe is an imperfect work. A watch, that requires to be adjusted or regulated every hour, is not a good watch. If the material universe is perfect, would it require direct interposition or interference on the part of its Maker? Is not the material, the moral, the religious system of the world, perfect? The laws of nature, of morality, and Religion, — do they not bear their own swords? Are they not their own rewarders when kept? their own avengers when violated? To maintain the opposite is to accuse the Infinite of inability to make a perfect work; for the arm from the clouds could only appear to remedy a mistake, or supply a defect, as the engineer goes about his new machine, to oil a bearing, or tighten a nut. Probably the universe went as well the first day of creation as now. This doctrine does not remove God from the creation. It makes him uniformly present in all parts of it. What are the Laws of Nature, Morality, and Religion, but modes of God's action? But they are constant modes which never change, but give so striking a regularity to the System, that men sometimes call it Fate, and seem crushed beneath the perpetual presence of the Deity. This doctrine attributes *nothing* to "fortuitous mechan-

* This suspicion was the more singular in Bayle, who was not himself *righteous over-much*, and confessed he had never read the *Intellectual System*.

ism," (indeed, these two terms contradict each other, fortuitous mechanism is a contrivance that came by chance,) but all to the action of perfect laws which God has impressed upon matter, and through which He works. It seems, therefore, to be unnecessary to conjure up this Phantom to serve the phenomena of nature withal. Besides, it is not consistent with a legitimate induction, to suppose arbitrarily the existence of something, because we find it convenient to explain appearances. But after all, he states this doctrine rather as an hypothesis, than a dogma.

The author thinks miracles were performed among Heathen nations, as well as among the Jews, which *modern* Christians, for the most part, indignantly deny. He says, "it is highly probable, if not unquestionable, that Appollonius of Tyana was assisted by the powers of the kingdom of darkness, for the doing of some things extraordinary, to derogate from the miracles of Christ." He believes also in apparitions of ghosts, in witchcraft, and the like. But such a belief was common in his time, — a weakness shared by almost all the great men of that illustrious age. The errors of wise men are said to be the glory of dunces; and some of that latter school solace themselves for their follies, by quoting the mistakes of sages. They have illustrious precedents to support them. The Hare one day, says Esop, was told that the Lion always trembled when the cock crew. "Now I know," said she, "why I am frightened when the dogs bark." But Dr. Cudworth speaks more doubtfully of ghosts and devils, than most men of his time. Many of his contemporaries, some of the fathers of New England among them, took pains to collect ghost-stories, and accounts of "apparitions of the Dyvel," not to prepare a philosophy of ghosts, and natural history of the Devil, but to gather proofs of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. Strange it is that a man, who sees no sign of the Deity in a blooming bush, could look for it in the appearance of a devil. But was not that attempt as profitable as many pursuits of this day? Was it less edifying than "fabricating lies for newspapers and political orations?"

Some readers complain of the *Intellectual System* as a dull book; and the author does sometimes weary the reader with proofs, with beautiful extracts, from all sorts of writers, to prove what readers will take for granted, without proof. But he wished the foundation to be sound and firm, and took more

pains to be ample than concise, knowing it is easier for the reader to pass over a passage when printed, than to search it out when omitted. But no man knows better than he how to condense and illustrate. We know of few philosophical works so full of pertinent and beautiful illustrations as this.

His frequent digressions, though valuable in themselves, often break the argument. They would stand better in an appendix. Again, it is said, he is not choice in selecting his witnesses ; and it is true that some are not unexceptionable. But has he not produced testimony sufficient to establish all his positions ? He follows Jamblichus, and other favorite Alexandrians, (whom he quotes as familiarly as if they were his table companions, at Christ's College,) with more faith than some modern scholars think them entitled to. But who shall say he follows them too far, or presses their testimony beyond a proper point ? Even Warburton, though not prone to flatter, calls him "the accurate Cudworth."

Dr. Cudworth was a good critic, as well as a great reader ; and yet criticism was neither so common nor so accurate in his time, as in ours ; but the tact, with which he separates the genuine from the spurious, is remarkable. An instance of this may be found in the long discussion upon the Orphic verses, in Vol. I. p. 394, et seq.

It may now be asked, what, on the whole, are the merits of this work ? Did it deserve republication ? If it were regarded simply as a common-place book, of choice extracts from writers little known, it were an invaluable work to the general reader. But it is a vast magazine of arguments for the defence of Theism and true religion. It is replete, from end to end, with theological and philosophical truth. The careful and intelligent scholar in these times is surprised to see the discoveries of modern Philosophy anticipated in this old book, from a contemporary and countryman of Locke. Scarcely is there a truth brought to light by the modern philosophy, which may not be found, as a doctrine, or a hint, in the writings of these "Latitude men." Those truths, which most of all elevate the soul ; excite lofty aspirations after the Good, the True, the Holy, and the Perfect ; those that kindle a Faith which burns without consuming, and leads the soul to an absolute trust in God, are thickly sown through all the writings of that school. This work has its full share of them. We often recur to it, and with new pleasure. It dwells in our memory like an holy

and deep sound, heard in the sunny season of childhood. Like the countenance of Moses, it beams with light.

The True Intellectual System of the Universe is like a large palace, with wide and lofty halls, broad stair-ways, long galleries, and curious closets; filled with huge furniture of strange and various shape, — this carved and gilded, that of rude simplicity; a palace filled with a motley multitude of all nations, and every age; some spiritual, others worldly, and speaking the most various tongues. The stranger at first is confounded. He stares and grows giddy. He sees not the use of the fantastic arrangements about him. He knows not whither the galleries conduct; is astonished at the mingling of magnificence and poverty; is dazzled by the lights, and stunned by the din of many voices, — opinion conflicting with opinion. In the midst of all, the host moves royally about, has a use for all his furniture, cumbrous though it seems. He reconciles the opposing; has a word for every guest; brings them all to tell their own tales; sifts the truth from each, and beautifully sums up the result he has gathered from all, — and in a voice of winning softness announces the glad tidings, so welcome to most. "There is the Infinite Father watching forever over each of his children. Fear not." Then the Stranger finds a clue to this tortuous labyrinth. He sees there are no passages that lead to nothing; no crypts filled with darkness; and no tables set for show.

Dr. Cudworth was a disciple of the Past, but he was not its slave. He stood "on the conflux of two extremities," with his face to the Future, whence he looked for light. Now truth comes to us in a great tide down from its perennial fountain — God. As there are uncounted stars, whose light has not yet reached us, though winging its swift way ever since the dawn of time; so there are truths in the future, yet to descend on man. Dr. Cudworth, asserting the birth-right of the true scholar, looked to God for this portion of truth. It came, and he was satisfied for himself. But he had fallen on evil times; other men would not set face to the light and receive this truth. Their faces, to use the figure of Plato, were nailed to the ground. He desired to awake these souls who slumbered like the seven-sleepers, and so he told them the truths he had seen and felt. But the great vulgar turned in their sleep, and exclaimed, "Lo, a dreamer of dreams;" and the small vulgar, as they nodded in slumber, re-echoed "Lo a dreamer of dreams." The Christian see-er replies that "old men eloquent" have seen the same

things, and heard similar truths. If the sleepers will not hear one, perhaps they will listen to many and famous men. Therefore he awakes the voices of the past, that they may confirm his truth. The nightly shades of olden time leave cerement and shroud, and confirm the sayings of the modern sage. The vision he had seen, the voice he heard from the Future, were thus reflected and echoed by the Past; Philosophy was confirmed by History, and Faith justified by Experience. The genius of the Future and the Past were both before him; one wearing the maiden's bridal robe, the other, mournfully clad in the widow's weeds of disappointment. A man of large discourse, looking before and after him, he asked counsel of both. The maiden bade him hope; and the widow read him the dear-bought experience of a bitter life. Their united counsel made up his System of Philosophy. The maid and the widow shook hands, and embraced, and taught him, as he has taught others, that what is not behind us is before us, and what is to be, is better than what has been.

We hail the publication of this book, as one among many good omens. It is a stupendous pile of learning, and has few or no equals in this respect. But to us, it is not the learning or the wisdom of the man that is most striking. Others may equal him in erudition, and in wisdom; nay, he has many superiors. But the candor, which fairly estimates every argument, the charity, that radiates from every page, is most striking and most admirable. He quarrels with no one. He reproves without malice; confutes without triumph; and never answers with a sneer. If ever a difficult controversy was ably conducted, it was this. A man must be charmed by the spirit, if not convinced by the arguments. Ralph Cudworth! — We love to dwell on the name, — a scholar without pedantry, a logician without obstinacy, keeping his temper, and shedding the light of love throughout a theological controversy.

[NOTE. — We ought to add, that the celebrated Mosheim translated the *Intellectual System* into Latin, with several other works of Dr. Cudworth. The copy in our hands is the 2d improved edition. (Lug. Bat. 1743, 2 vols. 4to.) It contains also a short account of the author's works and life, several valuable prefaces to the several treatises, and dissertations and numerous notes, which often correct the mistakes of the author himself. The present edition of the *Intellectual System* would have been still more valuable, if a judicious selection from these dissertations and notes had accompanied the text.]

T. P.

ART. II. — *Common School Journal.*

THIS is the title of a semi-monthly publication, expressly designed to advance the education of the people. The editor is the Hon. Horace Mann, — a name associated with public spirit, and with the wisdom and ability which achieve great ends by direct and judicious means. The importance of Mr. Mann's enterprise should dispose every enlightened person in the community to aid it, and to make generally available the publication, which is an essential organ of his opinions and his counsel. The *Common School Journal* was announced last year, and the first number appeared November, 1838. It is issued by Marsh, Capen, and Lyon, 133 Washington Street, Boston.

The following prospectus of this Journal, was prefixed to the first number : —

"The great object of the work will be the improvement of COMMON SCHOOLS, and other means of Popular Education. It is also intended to make it a depository of the Laws of the Commonwealth in relation to Schools, and of the Reports, Proceedings, &c., of the Massachusetts BOARD OF EDUCATION. As the documents of that Board will have a general interest, they ought to be widely diffused, and permanently preserved.

"The Paper will explain, and, as far as possible, enforce upon all parents, guardians, teachers, and school-officers, their respective duties towards the rising generation. It will also address to children and youth all intelligible motives to obey the laws of physical health, to cultivate "good behavior," to strengthen the intellectual faculties, and enrich them with knowledge; and to advance moral and religious sentiments into ascendancy and control over animal and selfish propensities.

"The Paper will be kept aloof from partisanship in politics, and sectarianism in religion; vindicating, and commending to practice, only the great and fundamental truths of civil and social obligation, of moral and religious duty.

"It will not be so much the object of the work to discover, as to diffuse knowledge. In this age and country, the difficulty is not so much that but few things on the subject of education are known, as it is that but few persons know them. Many parents and teachers, not at all deficient in good sense, and abounding in good feelings and good purposes, fail only from want of in-

formation how to expand and cherish the infantile and juvenile mind ; and hence they ruin children through love unguided by wisdom. It should therefore be the first effort of all friends of education to make that which is now known to any, as far as possible, known to all. The proposed Paper is designed to be the instrument of accomplishing such an object."

It would not be easy to devise a more rational and useful project than that indicated above, and nearly a year has demonstrated a fulfilment commensurate to the importance of the design. To explain and enforce the value of the common schools of this country, is the chief part of this design, which is illustrated in the first number of the *Journal*, by a stirring and eloquent appeal to the reader : —

" What rank are common schools entitled to hold in our private and legislative regards ? After an experiment of almost two hundred years, what is the verdict rendered by Time on their utility and necessity ? Is the homage we are wont to pay them traditionary merely, or is it founded upon an intelligent conviction, and an actual realization of their benefits ? Have they scattered good among past generations, and have they averted evil ? Go back to the earliest days of the colony, — to the year 1647, when they had their origin, — when almost the whole of the present territory of this state was a wilderness ; strike out of existence this single element — the provision made for the education of the whole people — and would our recorded history be different from what it is ? Would it have been illuminated or darkened by the change ? Without the schools, should we have had the great men in the councils, and in the fields of the Revolution ? or, which is substantially the same question, should we have had the mothers of those men ? Should we have had the sages who formed our own state Constitution, and assisted in that more arduous work, the formation of the Constitution of the United States ? Without the schools, should we have had the industrious yeomanry, exhibiting so generally within our limits the cheering signs of comfort, competence, and respectability ; or that race of artisans and inventors, who have made partnership with the inexhaustible powers of the material world, and won their resistless forces to labor for human amelioration ? Without the schools, would the same qualities of intelligence and virtue have signalized the hundreds of thousands who, from the distant regions of the West and South, turn their eyes hitherward to their ancestral home ? Would our enterprise equally have circuited the globe, and brought back what-

ever products belong to a milder climate or a richer soil? Without this simple and humble institution, would no change have come over our character abroad, our social privileges at home, over the laws which sustain, the charities which bless, the morals which preserve, the religion which sanctifies?"

The answer, which experience and the natural heart, penetrated with gratitude for social benefits, make to these questions, ought at once to press upon the public conscience the duty to preserve without deterioration, and to exalt to their highest improvement the schools which have been the source of so much good. As matter of "private regard," this duty is especially binding upon those who enjoy other opportunities of education, than the common school affords.

If society could be formed into two great classes, the highly cultivated, and those completely untaught of all learning — all recorded wisdom — by what reflected influences would these classes be made to honor and serve one another? Nothing but antipathy, jealousy, and contempt, would characterize the common mind, alienated in its parts by wide disparity of intelligence. The scholars, speaking with the tongues of men and angels, and understanding all mysteries and all knowledge open to the human intellect, would be *nothing*, being destitute of that charity, which is not only love, but justice; and unlearned men, deprived of instruction, would hate both knowledge and its professors, — and, despising the revenue that is better than silver, would be given over to sordidness and mere animalism. The salutary authority of genius and wisdom in the world depends upon the preparation of mind, which enables the less-favored to appreciate the better-endowed, in all manifestations of their superiority, and in their services to mankind. It is this moral and intelligent preparation, which inclines and enables the former to profit by the discoveries, inventions, and attainments, and moreover, by the counsels and guidance of the latter. The greatest and best men that live, or that have lived, — indeed, such never die, — "they are essentially immortal," —

"Their spirits govern when their clay is cold," —

are the benefactors of their fellow-men. But be they statesmen or philosophers, divines or poets, projectors or performers of great works, they must be honored before they can serve with effect. They will live in vain, till the value of their ser-

vices can be in some sort appreciated by those they would benefit. The reflected talents and virtues of great and good men ennoble all other men, who, dwelling in their light, see light. But when other men have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not, it is because those eyes and ears have not been opened to truth and wisdom; and the mind and heart, through domination of the animal principle, have waxed gross, and have become impervious to that truth of which the higher mind is the organ. It is natural for men to desire to enlarge the limits of their own intellectual power. Now the cultivated minds, who would do this, must labor to make others fit for the reception of those principles, which render virtue venerable, and truth beautiful in general estimation. Selfish motives, if more generous ones avail nothing, might incline the best instructed portion of society to do all in their power, for those who are suffering for lack of knowledge; for in the end, the instructed class, wanting the estimation of others, and encompassed by ignorance, will feel the effects of such proximity. None — not the wisest and most virtuous of mankind, are superior to consequences, produced upon themselves by degraded or unfurnished minds everywhere surrounding them.

The best condition of society must be that in which each member respects himself; honors his vocation, whatever it may be; cultivates his moral and intellectual nature, as he has opportunity, — ought not all to be afforded opportunity? — and looks upon his fellow man of every condition, as his brother, — the member of a universal family under the government of one Father, and supreme Legislator. Nothing can produce such a result, but institutions for the common good, devised and sustained by the most influential class of the community. This class must in all countries be that to which leisure and knowledge afford the means of knowing what best may promote the welfare of the whole. "The intention of general education is to form the many and not the few. If the many are ignorant, in vain shall we assert that the few are wise." Certain professions, the use of property, and the dignity of known talent, give men and women ascendancy in society, and enable them to countenance what is useful, to cherish what is good, and to disseminate what is true, and gradually to meliorate, by so doing, the minds, the manners, and the misery of mankind.

Nothing in human affairs is so fixed and established, that it needs neither foresight nor vigilance to preserve it. Every

human institution must be sustained in efficacy by the intervention, calculation, and care of intelligence. Institutions for the promotion of knowledge are to be sustained only by extensive enlightenment of the public mind. Good foundations may be laid, but the superstructure will decay, if it be not repaired, extended, and adorned, according to new and enlarged wants of social man. The school is especially designed to aid natural ignorance, to assist parental inability, to cherish the social spirit, and to operate in accord with self-culture. It ought to lay foundations of character, to instil sound principles of morality, and to implant those rudiments of thought, taste, and action, that, germinating in the field of the world, may produce the richest harvest of virtue and happiness. How to make the school the instrument to such an end is a grand science. It is easy to say that it ought to operate to such a result, and that it may be made to do so ; — but how shall this result be brought about ?

The best method and instruments of a wise public instruction can only be perfectly ascertained by a long course of experiment and exposition. Men must know what they have, what they need, and what is to be sought for, and may be obtained, before the most perfect economy of education can be produced and exhibited. It is of small account, that only a few persons read, and write, and publish what has been done by some philanthropist among ourselves, or what is practised in some distant country to improve education. Those who superintend the schools, those who pay for them, those who teach in them, and those who may be particularly served or injured by them, in the improvement, or depravation of their children, require information of what schools may do, and of what they fail to do. Catherine the Second thought to commence a system of education for her poor, brutified subjects ; and in 1764, she convened a diet of the empire, to devise one : but the Russian nobles were too ignorant to conceive what she aimed at, and consequently were wholly in the dark concerning the means to be employed to effect her project. Their deliberations, of course, ended in nothing. Ignorance like this does not exist among us, — but ignorance approximating to it obtains everywhere, when the leading minds of the community, or those which ought to be the leading minds, merely complain of general ignorance, and speculate upon the decay of learning, or the advancement of it, without actual knowledge

of the means which might be employed to remedy the evil complained of. Apathy concerning the negligences and abuses, that pervert a system of public instruction, perpetuates those abuses, till the perverted benefit becomes an actual cause of corruption and misery. The history of many charities and endowed schools proves this.

To give all necessary information to all who may be concerned in the results of public instruction,—and who is not more or less concerned in them?—the Common School Journal is provided, and for one dollar a year may be obtained wherever the mail reaches. For whose profit it was established, and what it proposes to teach, the prospectus clearly expresses. It ought to be found in every house, and on every school-master's desk.

If every head of a family cannot pay a dollar a year for the School Journal, in every school district there must be some one person, man or woman,—some friend of good learning, father or bachelor, matron or maid, who has a dollar to spend for the public good. Now we know of no tracts that could be distributed, so useful as the Common School Journal might be; none that are so good for the use of edifying; none that teach parents so well what to do for their children; none that teach the wise so well what is good for “the ignorant, and for them that are out of the way;” none that teach the teacher so well what to do for himself, and those entrusted to him; none that teach the young better to cherish their higher nature, and make themselves “vessels of honor,” good citizens, good Christians, and fellow-workers with God; none that explain to the people so well the wisdom of the laws, and their obligations to the state, which provides the means of knowledge for all; none that so strikingly enforce upon all good citizens the duty to maintain and exalt a good institution by the liberal support of it.

This journal is especially useful in the cognisance it takes of the popular corruptions of the English language, and of school-books. Successive numbers contain a copious list of the errors, that have crept into common use, and disfigure our ordinary conversation. “Grammar, the art of speaking and writing correctly,” is taught in all schools. Of how much use this instruction is, our ears will testify wherever we go. Except in the pulpit, or from the press, we rarely meet with any form of speech that is not more or less blemished with *yankeeism*, as they of our sister states, not less inelegant and provincial than

we, denominate our peculiarities. If parents and teachers would require children to write out from the journal these offensive peculiarities, and compare them with the proper form and pronunciation of the distorted words, they would do much more to purify and refine their language, than professed teachers of grammar can do, — while our bad habits in this respect are overlooked in our daily intercourse. There is an obvious connexion between the use of reason and language, between thought and its natural organ. He, who is taught to speak with the utmost propriety, to select words with regard to their accuracy and elegance, is by the process of instruction accustomed to precision, and disposed to the love of truth. If to be required to pronounce words properly, and to use them appropriately, were part of our practical education, much would be done for self-culture and moral discipline.

Mr. Mann's corrections of the popular language suggest to our recollection some remarks of Mrs. Austin, contained in a tract on National Education, but never published in this country, which come in aid of the design of those corrections. "Instruction in the elements of language admits of great and valuable extension; for as words are the representatives of thoughts, the all-important science of morals can by no possibility be taught with any efficacy, without a habit of using and understanding language precisely. And here we cannot but remark, that, in spite of some inquiry, we have never yet had the good fortune to hear of an English school, high or low, in which the English language was taught; nor among all the schools on improved schemes have we ever seen a glimpse of any such instruction. Indeed, the established popularity of such books as Lindley Murray's Grammar and its numerous derivatives, in which there are neither any principles of grammar, nor any knowledge of the sources of the English language, is conclusive on this head. A really good course of instruction (which necessarily involves the principles of logic) in the English language, or in any language, would go far to secure the requisite *intellectual* education. The demand for such a thing would soon produce books. Hitherto, the want has never been so much as once suggested.

"Every child ought to learn the principles of grammar, which are founded on the universal and inevitable laws of thought, and of speech; these may be taught as accompaniments to any language, and are equally important to clear thinking in

all. Professed scholars generally learn whatever is taught of them, as introductory to the learned, or to foreign languages; but those, who do not receive this sort of education, are left in entire ignorance of the structure and laws of the grand interpreter, and (to a great extent) regulator of their thoughts. Whenever our children are taught the 'elements of the English language,' therefore, they will be taught the principles which lie at the root of all coherent utterance and thought.

"The elements of the English language include some outlines of its component parts, and of the transitions it has undergone. Nothing would be more easy of acquisition, or more entertaining to children, than this historical view of their language, with apt and interesting illustrations.

"Why, for instance, should a boy be told that the provincialism he uses is wrong and vulgar, instead of learning that he inherits it from his Saxon ancestors; that down to such a time it was used in books, and by great men; and that in Germany, and in Holland, and in Sweden, words very like it are used still,—for that the people of those classes are of the same race as we are, while their original language has been less mixed with others,—and so on. He would thus learn English, and a hundred things beside; short and well-chosen quotations, would open his mind to a conception of the intellectual wealth, and history of his country, and to a reverence for her great men. There is not the slightest difficulty in all this. . . . There would, indeed, be difficulty at present, in finding masters possessing the requisite instruction; but that is an evil easily remedied, *whenever we choose.*"

This was written for the people of England, but it is quite suitable to us. Our language is the same as theirs, our origin is the same, our inheritance of knowledge is the same, and our common nature, our individual perfection, and eternal destiny are one. The means to exalt that nature, and our true national dignity, are also identical; therefore Mrs. Austin's counsel will be of the same service to Americans, as to her own countrymen. Upon this subject, she concludes thus:—
"As it is of consummate importance to every human being, to know precisely what he means to say, and how he is to say it, this sort of instruction is equally necessary to all. Of all branches of intellectual culture, this seems to me the most important, by far the most nearly connected with moral culture. For what science can so strongly affect a man's conduct, as that of thinking justly, and speaking accurately?"

Mr. Simpson, in his excellent book "On the Necessity for Popular Education," justly remarks, "two things are wanting, teachers and books." The qualifications of teachers are among the subjects which the *Common School Journal* specially describes; and the schools for education of teachers, now just beginning to operate among us, will be noticed from time to time in such a manner, as will keep the public attention alive to them, as the establishments in which the hopes of the intelligent for the improvement of our common schools are mainly placed.

Of school-books, an enlightened censorship may be expected from the editor of the *Journal*, and from other individuals, in whose judgment he can trust. This is of great importance to the authors of such books, and to the popular mind, which by means of these books must be fed with food convenient, or with husks and chaff instead of the bread of life. We have observed in the newspapers some complaints of the needless multiplication of school-books; from the same source, we have known wishes expressed that the teacher's intelligence may supersede, in large measure, the use of books. This is wishing that the teacher may toil more, and the pupil less; that the instruments of self-culture may be diminished, and that reliance upon another mind may serve to the pupil instead of study. Supposing a book to teach anything, the child who can read is enabled to learn something from it. Suppose that it teaches much, then it is "not a dead thing;" and "though no real voice nor sound" proceed from it, how may its rational and ennobling lessons inform the mind, and purify the heart, and how, everywhere, and at all times, in school, and out of school, may the child learn science and wisdom from it. Books do not exactly compensate for the deficiencies of a teacher. They must not be relied upon with any such expectation; but they are themselves teachers. We have known young persons, almost without other help, deriving the most important information from elementary books, — and the teacher himself taught by them. The laborious duty of a teacher, as the guide and governor of his school, makes all rational helps very valuable to him; we need not make his mind the depository and source of everything. Let him be a good judge of books, and let him have good books, and let him have the benefit of a just criticism upon those books to enlighten, not to overrule his judgment. A school-master in England, whom Mrs. Austin describes as "intelligent,

zealous, and efficient," told that lady, that he had for twelve years been vainly entreating the committee who superintended his school, to let him have books of general information. "Not the least bad effect of such a restriction," says Mrs. Austin, "is the disheartening all good teachers, whose desire for such aids to instruction will be precisely in proportion to their intelligence and zeal."

The critical department of the Common School Journal may be expected to be highly useful. It is desirable before a parent buys a book for his child, if he has neither leisure nor ability to examine its merits, that he may know something of its uses, from disinterested and pure authority, — from some mind not engaged to the *trade*, nor the author; but one that represents in effect, the parent and the child, and that discerns what may be worth the parent's money, and the child's study.

We earnestly desire to see bad school books exploded, and good ones adopted. We have great pleasure in the castigation of Towne's Spelling Book, and wish that before fifty thousand copies of it had been bought up, and gone forth to deprave the language of the country, the strictures of the Journal had preceded it in the seven thousand districts of the state of New York. We wish such a critic would apply his acumen to school libraries, and forewarn the people not to pay their money for that which is nothing worth.

In books for the young initiatory to a higher literature, we have great confidence. We know that we could never have loved books like dear friends, and made them companions of our most solitary hours, and mingled their suggestions with our inmost thoughts, but for the books of our childhood, by which, as by a ladder we climbed up, step by step, from the fables of Æsop to the "Tale of Troy divine;" and from the little pages of Barbauld and of Watts to the volumes of the moralist, the historian, and the philosopher. We believe that school-books may teach morality and the rudiments of all science, — that they may relate as far as they go the true history of mankind, and hold up the examples of good men to the young, and that they may infuse a taste for the beautiful, and create the love of art. By means of school books, children for the most part come to know that Shakspeare, Milton, and all that great brotherhood to which they belong, ever existed, and those books first reveal to them in their susceptible age, the oracles of the muse.

"It is no trifling good," says Mr. Southey, "to win the ear of children with verses, which foster in them the seeds of humanity, and tenderness, and piety, and awaken their fancy, and exercise pleasurable and wholesomely, their imaginative and meditative powers. . . . Poetry, in this sense, may be called the salt of the earth; we express in it, and receive in it sentiments, of which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance. And who can tell in our heart-chilling and heart-hardening society, how much more selfish, how much more debased, how much worse we should have been in all moral and intellectual respects, had it not been for the unnoticed and unsuspected influence of this preservative." If a school book can furnish defence against the tempter within, and the incentive to sin without, who would deny the young such protection?

There are two modes of instruction which must work together, in ordinary cases, to awaken and furnish the intellect; they may be called the intelligent, and the mechanical. The intelligent is that which presents facts and ideas through some living agent, and demands of the pupil to reflect upon them, leads him to comparisons, and guides him to inferences; and then points out the error of false conclusions, if he happens to make them. The mechanical is that which puts instruments, books, &c., into the pupil's hands, and requires him to furnish his memory with principles, and to exercise his skill upon demonstrations, insisting rigidly upon application and labor, as the condition of all success in the pursuit before him. This treatment presumes that subsequent development will be informed with a germinant principle, infused by the material of knowledge through self-pains, and operating through life in the conduct of the understanding, — furnishing and guiding it at the same time. These two forms of instruction are called the *new* and the *old* way, because the former, from time immemorial, has been too much neglected, and has but lately, — chiefly since Edgeworth's *Practical Education* was written, — been much discussed, and strongly insisted upon by *theorists*; using that word in no disparaging sense. Superficial thinkers often separate these modes of instruction, and assume that the old way is a weariness of the flesh, and little worth, and that the new way is all-sufficing. But if endeavor, and industry, and the sense of responsibility for the gift of talents, either

of two or ten, are to be cherished as rational and moral means of self-culture, then the intelligent method, *applied orally*, and indispensable to a certain extent, is of the same use to the young, as the surveyor of the coast, and the pilot are to the navigator. They merely send him forth upon adventure, leaving him to apply his own judgment and energy, in the use of powers that require science and art for their direction; which science and art he must obtain by study and practice, — for without them he could never reach the desired haven.

The fallacy of presuming to obtain much knowledge, through mere reception of oral informations, without proper appliances and intellectual labor, may be proved generally by the very persons who place confidence in such a course. Their shallow attainments commonly demonstrate the want of what they depreciate. Those persons, who are always searching for, and proposing to others, short and easy roads to learning, are usually destitute of any variety, comprehensiveness, and depth of knowledge themselves. Abridgments, compendiums, and popular lectures, are chiefly of service to those already informed of their elements. From the very nature of science, moral or physical, it cannot be acquired without method and patient thought. Principles must often be presented to the mind in the same form, before they can be imprinted upon it. A book takes, preserves, and reflects a truth in one unvariable form, and from it the student can “minister to himself.” “This is the book that teaches *without telling*,” we heard a little child say of one of Mr. Jacob Abbot’s excellent little books. Invaluable little book to the toil-worn expounder of the “nature and power of letters!”

Skill and perseverance are effects of habit, and intellectual habits of the best kind are formed alike by natural intelligence and industry. Industry, either voluntary or compelled, often enlightens intelligence, dormant without it, as efficaciously as intelligence guides industry. Application is the great means of securing the ends at which all rational instruction aims. They who educate the young, or who provide for their education, may be assured that all schemes intended to develop the mind of an individual, or a people, without regular and strenuous endeavors of those who are subjects of instruction, those endeavors being aided by suitable implements entirely at command of the learner, — all promises to insinuate learning, so that small expense of time and labor will be sufficient for every useful ac-

quisition, must end in comparative ignorance, and in actual diminution of intellectual power. It is only by early and efficacious discipline of that power, that a rational being appropriates to himself the largest measure of the wisdom and truth, which constitute the worth of all study and literature.

If it be objected that they, who resort to our common schools, have not time for much study of books, it may be answered, that they have the allotted time of childhood, and every seventh day of their whole lives, in which to take hold of instruction ; and that instruction given at the beginning of life ought to be of the best quality, and after the best method, because the time allowed is too short to be wasted ; but, blessed be God, not too short to acquire that wisdom whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.

Persons who do not desire to see school books multiplied, may, perhaps, think better of their uses, by reading Cousin's account of those employed in Holland ; "Those books, which are to be used first, have prints, calculated to be attractive to children, to give them some ideas of external objects, and to connect in their memories, the words with the ideas which they represent. Next, follow others containing short, moral stories, calculated to interest them. After these, come books which treat of natural objects, either curious in themselves, or useful to man ; processes of art, the most necessary to be acquainted with ; and, in all of them, useful reflections upon Providence, and the duties which man owes to his fellow-creatures are introduced.

"Sacred history, profane history, the history of their native country, *treated in a manner to be understood* by children, are the subjects of other books. There are some in which the principal civil and criminal laws are explained. Their hymns tell them the gratitude they owe to the author of nature ; the kindly feelings they should attach to their parents, their employers, and their country, and the happiness to be derived from such affectionate sentiments. The fruit of all this is, that without devoting one minute more to instruction, than the time employed in the common method, instructors are imprinting on their memories what children in ordinary schools, either never know, or only learn with difficulty in after life, when their occupation affords them any leisure to read, after they have left school ; and thus their minds are imbued with calm and noble sentiments, which intercourse with the world may weaken, but the impression of which, can never be obliterated."

We have deviated from our direct object, — to commend the uses of the Common School Journal, in order to combat what we esteem to be a false notion ; but we trust that our opinions upon this subject are in accord with those of which the Journal is the proper organ. The great respect we have for the intelligence and moral power, employed upon that periodical, has induced this notice of it, and the cause to which it is devoted. To know what to teach, and to show what to teach, and how to teach it, is a noble vocation. To cast out of any popular practice or system all inappropriate instruction, to apply reason and religion, in place of blind custom, to the work of education, to form the rising race to just sentiments and good actions, to rescue them from low desires, vulgar habits, and the apathy of ignorance, is a truly elevated purpose. We believe that such a purpose is not romantic, but entirely attainable ; that it grows out of the capabilities of man's moral nature, and our existing necessities as members of society, and that he who announces this purpose, and calls upon all other minds of kindred nature to aid it, confers a favor upon the whole community ; a favor which they can best requite by encouraging and assisting his enterprise.

E. R.

ART. III. — *The Life of William Cowper* : by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL. D. Poet Laureate, &c. 2 vols. 1839. Boston : Otis, Broaders, & Co.

WE are glad to see an American reprint of this new *Life of Cowper*, which has been prefixed to a new edition of the poet's writings, by the distinguished editor and biographer, Dr. Southey. That sectarian jealousy, which has always been alive and active, whenever the name of Cowper has been brought before the public, since his death, has manifested itself, on the occasion of this new and improved edition of the poet's writings ; and it is owing to this jealousy, as we are informed in the preface to the English edition, that this edition cannot be called complete. The volume published some fourteen or fifteen years since, under the title of "*Cowper's Private Correspondence*,"

dence," was secured by copy-right; and as soon as an offer was made to purchase the right, the old jealousy was roused, and a separate edition of Cowper's works, with a biography prefixed, was hurried before the public, under the name of Mr. Grimshaw, who is lauded as "the only living man who could do justice to the *Life of Cowper*."

In consequence of the circumstance just mentioned, the edition of Southey must be said to be not complete. Still, he informs us in his preface, that he has wrought "the whole of the information" contained in the "*Private Correspondence*," so called, into the biography, as he felt himself justified in doing, so that "the purchasers of the present edition will in this respect lose nothing." We have not examined the rival edition, by Grimshaw, and of course cannot speak with accuracy concerning its merits or demerits, — neither will the American public, any more than ourselves, be likely to be much interested in the rivalry of two London publishing houses. When, however, Mr. Grimshaw says, that it was his purpose to revise "*Hayley's life of the poet*, purifying it from the errors that detract from its acknowledged value, and adapting it to the demands and expectations of the religious public," — we are quite satisfied to remain in ignorance of his work. We do not affect these attempts to *adapt* works to a particular mode of thought and feeling prevailing in any portion of the community. We have had already too many of similar attempts to adapt Cowper's life to the wants of religious sectaries. There has been as much contention in the religious world among different sects, each of which was anxious to possess itself of Cowper's name and influence, to give vogue to their peculiar sentiments, as there was among the Grecian and Trojan heroes, over the dead body of Patroclus. We should be glad if this vain din might cease. And we welcome, for this reason, the production of an author, who has no sectarian bigotry to gratify by the accomplishment of his task, who is careful not to obtrude his own private religious convictions upon the reader; who takes up the character of his subject in its broad view and relations, who is thoroughly competent to investigate the poet's literary character and claims, and who has liberality of mind enough to consider Cowper as a man having religion, rather than as a religious sectary. How far Dr. Southey has succeeded in his attempt, can now be settled each one for himself. If his biography is not everything we could desire, it at least marks an im-

portant advance upon his predecessors. Many things, which Hayley omitted in a spirit of delicate friendship, or because they were unknown to him, are now made public. The insanity of the gifted poet, which was too painful a theme to be entirely laid open by friendship, and the facts of which, religious enthusiasm only distorted, is taken up and discussed in a calm, philosophical spirit and manner; and mysterious — and in some of its aspects confessedly inexplicable — as that insanity is, it has been at least rescued from some of the darkness superinduced by religious bigotry. Owing to the circumstance, already remarked upon, of the inability of the publishers to purchase the private correspondence, the biography has a character of *Mosaic work*, as the author, in his preface, himself observes. It is not, as it could not be, characterized by the glow and fervor with which a personal friend, like Hayley, would set forth the incidents of a life in which he had been deeply and tenderly interested. It is the correct production of a scholar, who, although he does not neglect to refresh the memory of his readers with his claims as the Laureate, and upon the strength of this, gives us a pretty long digression upon English poetry, from Chaucer to Churchill, — yet is in general more mindful of his subject than of himself.

William Cowper was born in the year 1731. His father was chaplain to George the Second, and rector of Great Berkhamstead, — and there in the rectory, the poet first saw the light. At the age of six years he lost his mother, who died young, and by whose youthful face, as copied in the portrait, sent him late in life by one of his relations, he was prompted to write one of the most beautiful of his minor poetical works, which is too well known to be here quoted. He was peculiarly sensitive, delicate, and diffident in his constitution, and seems to have very early begun to experience that unhappiness which followed him through life, and which enveloped his last years in an awful cloud.

“Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun.”

Upon the death of his mother he was sent to a boarding-school. There his modesty and delicacy exposed him to rude treatment from the older boys, and his experience there laid the foundation of that aversion to public education, which he continued to feel through life, and which he made the subject of one of his poems. He remained at this school two

years ; and having passed the two next succeeding with an oculist on account of a weakness in the eyes, was then sent to Westminster, where he continued to reside from the age of ten till he was eighteen years old. After leaving school, and spending nine months at home, he was "sent to acquire the practice of the law with an attorney," and was articled with a Mr. Chapman, for three years. In 1752, at the age of twenty-one, he left the Solicitor's office, and took chambers in the Middle Temple, and on the 14th of July, 1754, was called to the bar. In his chambers in the Temple he resided nearly ten years, depending for present support upon his little patrimony, and relying for the future upon the hopes of patronage, which the influence of his family connexions justified him in entertaining. At this period of his life, he was the gay associate of many, who became distinguished afterwards in politics, or literature, or fashionable circles ; and, although the severe and harsh sentence which he himself passed, in reviewing subsequently this portion of his life, is of course not to be taken literally, yet it is easy to conceive, that with his temperament, so diffident, shrinking, and nicely conscientious, his mode of life — lounging frequently in the drawing-rooms of ladies, "giggling and making giggle," — and his studies, which were chiefly confined to the classics and the ornamental, rather than to the substantial parts of literature, should have seemed in hours of dejection, as no better than dissipation, aimless and useless. The absence from his views of all expectation from his profession is indicated in the sportive remark which he is reported to have made at that period, to Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. "Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall be always nobody, and you will be Chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are." He smiled and replied, "I surely will." This pledge, which Cowper extorted from his companion in sport, and which, by the way, was never redeemed, sufficiently betrays the sense of his unfitness to struggle with the world, which was doubtless already preying upon his tender spirit. He had, moreover, suffered a disappointment of the affections, which must have been a sore trial to a person so susceptible and warm-hearted. He had become much attached to his cousin Theodora, second daughter of Ashley Cowper, and sister of Harriet, who is so well known to the readers of Cowper, as the Lady Hesketh, with whom he corresponded for so many years. To a marriage connexion between them,

the father of the lady objected, and they separated, never seeing each other more, — but each remaining single through a long life. It is hardly conceivable that this incident should have not made the deepest impression upon such a mind as Cowper's, although Dr. Southey gives it as his opinion that it did not materially contribute to produce that melancholy from which he suffered. However this may have been, it appears that, what with diffidence disqualifying him for the common business of life, disappointment in his affections, and the danger of poverty or dependence, which was now imminent, by reason of the reduction of his little patrimony, a gloom began to settle and deepen over his mind, — the consequences of which were dreadfully apparent in his after life. An occasion offered in the year 1763, which proved too much for his morbid diffidence and reserve of character, and which at last brought on the only crisis it could result in — insanity. The prospect he had of destitution led him to express the hope to a friend, that one of his kinsmen would confer on him a certain office, which belonged to him to bestow in case of an expected vacancy. The vacancy soon occurred, and the patronage in question was offered; and then it was that Cowper's constitutional diffidence and horror of a public exhibition of himself became apparent. He was required to prepare himself, against a certain day, for examination as to his fitness for the office. This was out of the question. He struggled for a time, — now ashamed and angry with himself, that he should think of forfeiting such a chance for honorable independence, and now agonized with the idea of a "public exhibition," — until at last, as the result of this violent discord and contention in his nature, reason gave way, self-control became impossible, insanity succeeded, and suicide was attempted.

In this state of mind he was conveyed to a private mad-house, at St. Alban's, kept by a Dr. Cotton. This was in 1763. After the recovery of his reason, Cowper remained with Dr. Cotton a year; and then, being unwilling to incur any farther obligation to that excellent man, he obtained through his brother, who was settled at Cambridge, lodgings at Huntingdon, not far from Cambridge, which he took possession of in June, of the year 1765. Here he became acquainted with the Unwin family, with whom he in November of the same year became domesticated, and whose name will forever live associated with his; Mrs. Unwin being the Mary of his poems,

on whom he depended as on a mother, for the remainder of his life, — a period of thirty years. For a time, he continued his correspondence with Lady Hesketh, in a cheerful strain; but at length, as his religious feelings became more fervent and engrossing, he could write upon nothing else, and the correspondence was closed in January, 1767, not to be renewed till October, 1785. But with Mrs. Cowper, the wife of Colonel Cowper, another of his cousins, he continued to correspond, and found in her one who was of a similar religious turn, and who could sympathize with him in all his peculiar states of mind.

In 1767, an event took place which led to important consequences, and had a material influence upon Cowper's future life. Soon after the sudden death of the elder Mr. Unwin, and when the bereaved family were yet undecided where to take up their abode, they received a call from Mr. Newton, then curate of Olney. As a spiritual friend, he met fully their existing wants and feelings, — and upon his proposing that they should reside at Olney, they assented and removed thither, in October of the same year. There they lived on the most familiar terms with Mr. Newton — Cowper attending the religious meetings held by him, and taking part personally in the services. It was at this time that he assisted Newton in composing the *Olney Hymns*. From the period of his brother's death, 1770, his spirits were affected, and his melancholy grew deeper, until in January, 1773, "it had become a case of decided insanity."

From '65 to '73 is what may be called the religious period of his life; during which time he was a zealous devotee, — the sentiment of religion having such exclusive possession of his mind, as to absorb every other affection. This attack of his malady lasted about sixteen months, when he began to recover his attention to and interest in things about him; but he was still left with the gloomy impression, that he had been deserted of God, that he was "excluded from salvation," and that as he had failed when it was in his power to offer up himself as a sacrifice by suicide, he was doomed to "a perpetual misery." As his mind gradually recovered its tone, he amused himself with gardening, and with the care of some hares, that "continued to interest him nearly twelve years, when the last survivor died quietly of mere old age." Besides the care of his hares, and of his garden, Cowper now amused himself with writing verses. "From thirty-three to sixty," says Cowper, "I

have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness; and where, when I had not either a Magazine, or a Review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others, a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age, I commenced an author; it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last." He had written short pieces, both in prose and verse, in earlier periods of his life, and some of them had appeared in print without name, as three papers in the *Connoisseur*, which were occasioned by his friendship with Thornton and Colman, the editors of that paper. Many of his juvenile poems, the earliest of which dates back as far as 1748, are preserved by Hayley in the volumes, which contain the biography by that warm and sincere friend. There was also another collection of youthful pieces, the preservation of which is owing to a deeper sentiment, — those which the poet addressed to his Cousin Theodora, and which, having been kept by her with a religious care, were published by Mr. Croft in 1825. Before 1780, the *Olney Hymns* were published; "by which," says Dr. Southey, "Cowper may be said to have been first introduced to the public as a poet." To this work, he had contributed sixty-seven hymns, when he was interrupted by the second attack of his malady. The *Anti-Thelyphthora*, a satire, appeared without name, in 1781. About 1780, Mr. Newton removed from Olney to London; and Cowper, who since his residence in Olney, had been very much under the influence of that divine, was now acted upon by a greater variety of influences, and of a more generous and healthful kind. Mrs. Unwin encouraged Cowper to exercise his poetical talent, in the composition of a longer work than he had hitherto attempted, and gave him for a subject, "The Progress of Error." From this germ grew the first volume of poems, which was published to the world in 1782. It was about this time he became acquainted with a lady, who, brief as their acquaintance was, exercised upon his spirits, his fancy, his humor, and his genius generally, a most happy and enlivening influence. This was Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside with her sister, in the vicinity of Cowper's residence. To this lady the world is indebted for the most delightful poem of Cowper, the *Task*, and for the humorous ballad of John Gilpin. "Sister Ann," as Cowper familiarly called her, seems to have been a person of great vivacity, and with conversational charms, which had the

most exhilarating effect upon the mind of the poet. She chased away the clouds that gathered upon his thoughts, and cheered him out of many a sad mood. She could "laugh and make laugh with a most hearty and innocent hilarity."

"Were I to say," remarks Dr. Southey, "that a poet finds his best advisers among his female friends, it would be speaking from my own experience; and the greatest poet of the age would confirm it by his. But never was any poet more indebted to such friends than Cowper. Had it not been for Mrs. Unwin, he would probably never have appeared in his own person, as an author; had it not been for Lady Austen, he would never have been a popular one."

From 1782 to 1791 may be regarded as the happiest portion of Cowper's life. Within this period it was that he composed his works, and achieved his fame. He added to his choice circle of friends; and, what was more to his heart, his celebrity was the occasion for a renewal of communication with his connexions, one of whom he dearly loved, and restored to their proper place the old idols of his heart, over whose removal his tender spirit had not ceased to grieve. When he turned author too, his mind was relieved from brooding over morbid fancies, and a small round of distracting thoughts. New hopes and new anxieties engaged him, and occasioned a wholesome activity to his spirits, and variety to his thoughts. Lady Austen repeated to him the story of John Gilpin, to cheer up his spirits one afternoon, — and the next morning he informed her he had turned it into a ballad; the exquisite humor of which will continue to delight thousands, as it has already done. "The Task" also grew out of a request on her part, that he would attempt blank verse, which he promised to do, if she would furnish a subject. This poem, his master-work, was begun in 1783, and finished in the autumn of 1784.

The publication of *The Task*, and popularity of John Gilpin did more, as we have already said, than fill up the measure of his fame. They brought about renewed communication with his family connexions. This was commenced by Lady Hesketh, who doubtless inferred from the character of his publications, especially from *John Gilpin*, that his mind had recovered a healthy tone, and that he could now derive pleasure from something besides his own peculiar religious experiences. This was in fact the case. He was now in a state to enjoy old friendships, — and the renewal of his correspondence with Lady

Hesketh, after a suspension of eighteen years, was one of the happiest occurrences of his life. "And the same volume," says his biographer, "which was the occasion of restoring to him this blessing, at once placed him at the head of the poets of his age."

In 1784, almost immediately after the completion of his second volume, he commenced his most laborious work, the Translation of Homer.

In 1786, Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to the (neighboring) village of Weston, where he had the Throckmortons for neighbors.

In 1787, in the early part of that year, his malady returned upon him with full force, and lasted about six months.

In 1790, he received a letter from Mrs. Bodham, (a cousin on the mother's side,) accompanying a portrait of his mother; and it was upon the occasion of receiving this present, that he wrote one of the most beautiful, and certainly the most touching and tender, of his minor poems, the lines addressed to his mother's picture.

Cowper's Homer was published in the summer of 1791; and it was soon after proposed to him to superintend a new and splendid edition of Milton. Many of his friends had, before this, felt a little impatience that he should be spending so much time in the inferior work of translation, regretting, as they naturally might, that his delightful genius should not still be exercised with original productions. One of them sent him for a subject of an original poem, "The Four Ages, infancy, youth, manhood, and old age;" "and he offered for his consideration, a brief sketch, with the hope that he might be induced to work upon it." Cowper was, it seems, pleased with the subject, and actually began to write upon it. The fragment remains, to make his admirers regret that he should not have completed it. It was, one must think, a subject well suited to the contemplative, sober vein of his muse. Perhaps, as is not unlikely, he dropped it, because the subject had not been one of his own selection. It is not probably easy for those *who deal in such articles*, to *execute orders* after a pattern; nor will inspiration come at a call for the nonce. We presume not to be familiar with the secrets of the gods; but we should suppose, if it be allowed to judge great things by little, that the *subject* is a result or conclusion, as often as it is a starting point. To sit down with the cool and determined purpose of see-

ing what can be written to a text, is not unlikely to end in frigid despair. But if for a long time the mind has been fixed in a certain direction, and has exercised intense thought, and profound feeling, — those thoughts and feelings will be brought to a point at last ; and to that point, or subject, they will aim with a unity of purpose, and effect, which art seldom can attain. But, however this may be, “*The Four Ages*,” a subject selected for Cowper, by the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, never grew to a poem, — a fragment, and nothing more appears. His mind turned to another subject of his own, — “an oak in Yardley Chase, which was within reach of his walks, and was believed to be as old as the Norman Conquest.” Hear with what true poet-power he gives shape to the reflections awakened by the giant of the forest : —

“Thou wast a bauble once ; a cup and ball
Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree, mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
With pointed-hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.” —
“Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root, — and time has been
When tempests could not.” —

His spirits, however, were greatly depressed about this time, by the first paralytic attack, which Mrs. Unwin suffered. But, although the Milton enterprise was a burden to his mind at one time, which he would fain have shaken off, it was the occasion of his acquaintance with Hayley, who, himself a poet, became his true friend, — and left a monument of that friendship, in the affectionate biography he composed. Hayley paid Cowper a visit, of which he gives a most interesting account, — and before leaving, invited Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to visit him at Eartham. This visit they accomplished, — although what would have seemed to most persons a very trifling affair, was a serious undertaking, and caused great anxiety to one who had so long confined himself to so narrow a space. But after his return

from this visit, he began to relapse into melancholy. Mrs. Unwin, on whom he had depended, was now an invalid, and required his attentions. Things grew worse, and the cloud that oppressed him became darker. She who had been his guardian angel, — on whose calm, serene judgment, he had relied, as much as on her sweet motherly devotedness, was now a changed being. Helpless in body, the light within quenched, and self-control gone, she exacted rigorously all his attention. It was at this time he addressed to her the lines "To Mary."

So deplorably helpless had become the situation now of the two sufferers, that an effort must be made to effect a change of situation; and in 1795 their removal was accomplished by Cowper's cousin, (Johnson,) into Norfolk. On this journey it was, as he and his cousin walked together in the moonlight, in St. Nest's churchyard, that cheerfulness was for the last time expressed in the countenance of Cowper. Ever after, a constant and hopeless gloom settled upon his thoughts. His cousin, whom, in his letters, he familiarly addressed as "Johnny of Norfolk," — now devoted himself to him, walking and journeying with him, and seeking, in every possible way, to relieve his distress, and to interest him in literary pursuits. In part, he succeeded. He was induced to revise his *Homer*. In the latter part of 1796, Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper continued a victim of appalling despair, until April 25, 1800, when he gently escaped from a life, which had been to him a scene of spiritual conflict, such as is allotted to but few mortals. To him death must have been a sweet sleep after such a life. Surely, in his case, the scripture imagery, which represents the future life as a *rest*, was seen to have a truth and propriety not to be exceeded. There is something touching in the remark made by Mr. Johnson, that "from that moment (when he expired), till the coffin was closed, the expression with which his countenance had settled, was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise."

Three distinct causes have conspired to create the deep and wide interest that is felt in Cowper: his delightful talents as a writer, the distressing malady that shrouded his mind with gloom, (and drove him a stricken deer from the herd,) and that sectarian zeal which has contended for his name, to grace the muster-roll of a religious party. Of the last mentioned source of interest we have already spoken. It remains to make a few remarks, without any special regard to strict method, on

the insanity of Cowper, and the peculiarities of his genius, as evinced in his writings.

With regard to Cowper's mental malady, Dr. Southey has brought before the public much that was before unknown,—and has arranged and presented it in a judicious manner. Had it been possible, we should have been content, that no more should have been divulged of the sad “secrets of his prison-house,” than is given in the delicate allusions of his first biographer, Hayley. We esteem the appetite a morbid one, which craves a minute knowledge of all the painful experiences of a disordered intellect. It is very much like disinterring the dead, in order to gratify a perverse curiosity, as to alleged personal deformities. A regard to the claims of truth is the plea set up frequently for such unreluctant, indiscriminate, cruel exposures; or the object is to render a book marketable, by being able to say, with truth, that it contains particulars never before published. It would be well for such as pretend to an uncommon concern for the truth, and who are exceedingly anxious that the whole truth should be told, to remember that there is more than one species of truth. There is a truth of *sentiment* as well as of *facts*. Indeed, the latter kind, however confessedly important, is yet the lowest kind. A person intrusts his most intimate, most sacred thoughts and feelings to a companion. There is, indeed, no written contract that the confidence shall not be abused. But there is a more delicate, but none the less binding obligation, recognised by the uncorrupted heart; and he would materially violate the spirit of truth, who should, under the pretence of declaring the whole truth, make public those secrets.

But in the case of the last biographer of Cowper, circumstances had materially altered. The facts of Cowper's malady were already known; they could not be kept secret; they had already gone abroad, and had obtained circulation; and the prime duty of the biographer then was, not to endeavor to put them out of sight,—but to “tell the whole story fairly,” in such a manner, that correct impressions might be gathered from the recital. This seems to have been the aim of Dr. Southey. It is clear, we think, that the insanity of the poet was not occasioned by religion, although it took the form of religious madness. He was disordered in his intellect, before he seems to have taken any special interest in the subject of religion. The morbid tendency, as his biographer thinks, was inherent in his

constitution, and discovered itself as early as at the age of eighteen. He was by nature remarkably delicate, sensitive, and diffident, and suffered from extreme depression of spirits. He dreaded any kind of public exhibition of himself, like mortal poison. He was thus rendered unfit for the business of life. If he essayed to act among men, he suffered inconceivable agony. If he retired from the world and all active pursuits, he was followed into his retreat by a voice of rebuke, such as came to the old Prophet, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" But, although the seeds of his malady were in his constitution, and we are to seek there for its original sources, it is also apparent, that outward circumstances furnished occasions for its attacks; if not disposing him to it, yet making his natural disposition active, quickening the seeds which were implanted in his nature, and aggravating more or less the complaint. In fact, every recurrence of the disease, of which Dr. Southey gives us the mournful history, if we except, perhaps, the first or second, will be found to have had an intimate connexion with special calamitous events, that were of a character to shake the nerves, and depress the spirits, of so sensitive a being. The second attack, and on some accounts the most important one, because it occurred at a turning point in his course, and determined his whole subsequent life, was in the Temple. He was in the thirty-second year of his age, and dreading that his pecuniary resources might become exhausted, he had solicited of a relation a place in his control, and had obtained the promise of it. The necessity imposed upon him of preparing for a public examination was, as we have seen, too much for his shrinking diffidence of nature. The conviction was thus forced upon him, that he was totally unfit for the common occupations and pursuits of life. He had, moreover, failed in love a few years before this time; and, although, Dr. Southey thinks too much consequence has been attached by some to this circumstance, it could not certainly have been devoid of influence. The third attack of his malady, in 1773, followed the death of his brother, to whom he was much attached, and in whom he had taken a special interest. The next attack was connected in time with the death of Mr. Unwin, one of his dearest friends, and most constant correspondents. To one like Cowper, who lived apart from the world, and whose heart was devoted to a select company of friends, the loss of one who had shared so much of his confidence, could

not but have brought lasting consequences. And the last recurrence of the malady, and which terminated but with life, was connected with the weakness and imbecility and death of Mrs. Unwin, whom he had ever regarded with the same feelings as he would a mother. The proximity of these several events and circumstances, to the several attacks of his malady, is a fact in his history deserving of notice, — whether we attach more or less influence to them in the production of the evil. They probably hastened or aggravated in some measure, what could not have been perhaps altogether avoided, with his constitutional tendencies.

The same remark may be made of Cowper's religion, and the influence of the peculiar system he adopted, and of the spiritual guide to whose direction his mind, for many important years, was surrendered. Neither Calvinism, nor Mr. Newton, may deserve to be made chargeable with Cowper's madness. He was insane before he knew aught of Calvin's system, and might have been subject to returns of the malady, had he never met with Newton. But still this will not prove that there was any peculiar harmony between his mind and the Genevan creed, or that the curate of Olney was the most judicious friend and spiritual guide, he could have had. Cowper's mind seems to have possessed great religious sensibility. This feature of his nature was early manifested. The want was early developed in his soul; but his religious education seems not to have been thorough and complete enough, to satisfy the want. The yearning was there, — the longing for light and truth; but no guide was at his side, to give a wholesome direction to these spiritual activities, and to furnish food for his deep, inward cravings of soul. Desires thus disappointed, reachings forth of the young faculties, with no objects to cling to, restless aspirings, that have no clear and practicable object, are sure to be followed by pernicious consequences. These consequences began to show themselves, when he was obliged, through excessive diffidence, to abandon any useful occupation. Disqualified by his peculiar temperament for a life of action, forced to the conclusion, that he must give up the world and its pursuits, — he was driven in upon his own thoughts. He must lead a life of contemplation, — and since he could not mix with his fellow-men, in the ordinary relations of life, he must converse with himself. Had he found within, when he thus retreated upon his own thoughts, a positive system of religious belief, which

would have given full and safe exercise to his active mind, and warm feelings, he possibly might have sustained the shock.

Cowper's *theology* seems never to have mixed with his intellect. His *religion* was genuine,—the natural welling up of his thoroughly devout spirit. But his religious *system* never harmonized with his intellectual nature. There are two great divisions, which readily present themselves, of Cowper's religious life; the first extended from the time of his recovery at St. Alban's, in 1764, to the period of his third attack, in 1773. During this period, his religion absorbed all his powers and affections. It held exclusive possession of his soul. It suspended, although it could not so far pervert the sweetness of his affections as to extinguish his old friendships. It broke off all literary occupation, except what had immediate connexion with religion, and gave expression to his pious frames. It in fact paralyzed for a time certain faculties and affections, and directed the whole force of his intellect and sensibility in one channel, tending to give preternatural life and activity to single principles of his nature.

The other period of Cowper's religious life extends from the time of his recovery from the third attack to his death. For, although during this period he had laid aside his system and ceased to derive from it comfort, settling down into the desperate conviction, that he was abandoned of God, and that his case was hopeless; yet there was more free play to his faculties and affections, than there had ever been before; and when this free action was once obtained, his religious sensibilities were sure to manifest and express themselves, although not according to the precise forms of any sectarian *experience*.

If we look at these two periods of his life, we find our remark verified that Cowper's *religious* mind never mixed, flowed into, and harmonized with his intellect. His mind did not, certainly for any great length of time in succession, preserve that repose and assurance of spirit, which is denoted by the term fellowship, or communion with God,—an idea and expression eminently Christian. According to the system he had adopted, the attributes of the Deity were too awful, and his own nature too vile to allow of the state of mind we have alluded to. When his religious sentiments had been excited, and his religious wants had been made known to himself, he met with and adopted a system, which appears wonderfully ill-suited to his nature. He adopted that idea of God, which had been

formed by other minds, minds of a coarser fabric, and of harder features than his own. A dogmatizer, like Calvin, whose lot was cast in an age of revolution, whom the corruptions of a dominant church had biassed against everything that savored of the old way, was hardly the proper person to frame a system for such a sensitive, imaginative, tender spirit as Cowper's. No where, as far as we know, can a more painfully impressive illustration be found of the principle, which is beginning in our times to be widely felt and acknowledged, that individual minds must form their own idea of God; that the affections can no more be tortured into uniformity of sentiment, than the speculative intellect into uniformity of belief; that there are diversities of operations, although one and the same spirit; that there are peculiarities of constitution, of endowment, of temperament, which require special adaptations of system. To attempt to introduce Calvin's image of God into the mind of Cowper, could only be followed by eternal war, contrariety, and confusion. This is, indeed, only our theory of his case. It would not, probably, have been allowed by himself; for he never once appears to have distrusted his system. His reproaches were all loaded on his poor, innocent self. But we have the *facts*, at least, a large number of those facts, of his singular case before us; and every reader must form for himself some theory to account for the melancholy result. And in many respects, any one is in a better condition, than himself could possibly have been, to fairly explain the condition of his mood. The difference between him and his friend Newton is striking in this respect, and may serve to illustrate his case. Newton, it seems, took up his religion late in life. He had probably never possessed much tenderness and susceptibility of heart; and what he had originally was, doubtless, not increased by his peculiar mode of life. When he obtained religious impressions, they probably came through the head rather than the feelings; and the hard logic of Calvinism suited the man, who had been toughened by the pulls and tugs of a worldly experience like his. Heaven and hell, salvation and damnation, were obstructions to be dealt with, after a certain fashion in logic-fence. So the order of the categories was preserved, and the justness of the reasoning was vindicated, no matter how many souls were involved in perdition by the ratiocination. A spirit, so constituted as Cowper's, was never designed for such rough work. Go where his intellect would, his heart was sure to follow. Not a thought

possessed his mind, nor an image rose to his fancy, that it did not awake a corresponding affection in the heart. A system, like Calvinism, seems to be suited only to a person in whom the intellectual principle prevails over the affections, who can take pleasure in dealing with abstract propositions, that involve the eternal misery of thousands of sentient beings, and who has not sensibility to suffer in corresponding horror. Not that such a person is hard-hearted ; it is not necessary to suppose that ; but he is still pleased that he has made out his case formally, according to scientific rules, and reached the conclusion ; and never realizes how horrible that conclusion may be. It is upon the same principle, that the great general watches the result of a certain movement in battle, which he has ordered. If it succeed, he smiles complacently, or exclaims triumphantly, and prides himself upon his skilful combinations ; while another person standing by, a mere spectator, would shudder at the blood so lavishly spilled, to effect the object.

Cowper was never meant for a logic-gladicator. He was not a philosopher. His temperament and mental habits were those of a poet ; and, therefore, we say that his system never suited him. Had it been possible for him to look upon the system, as a collection merely of propositions presented to the intellect, the case might have been different. But that was not possible for him. He was forced to experience the horrible feelings, which corresponded to the ideas. And we can compare it to nothing else, than to a man's undertaking to dissect himself.

But in saying that Cowper's system did not fit him, we are far from asserting that he had no religion that did harmonize with his nature. In fact, whenever from any cause he forgot or laid aside his peculiar system, and instead of the forms of thought and expression, which other minds in other ages had elaborated, allowed his own spirit to work freely, and assume what dress was natural, there flowed from him a sweet and delightful stream of religious sentiments, which was his own, — the overflowing of his own devout spirit.

It is worthy of notice, that Cowper laments his own juvenile insensibility on the subject of religion, and complains of the entire neglect of moral and religious education in English schools. And, although we are, of course, to make great allowance for the self-rebukes of a morbid mind, yet there was probably good ground for his complaint ; that is, a mind like his, so strongly inclined to religion, ought to have received a special

training in religion, and not been left to aimless aspirings, and occasional impulses. His cravings were more than ordinarily deep, and they do not seem to have been satisfied.

The tendency is probably more or less strong in every reflective mind, looking back to the early stages of its progress, to think meanly of the judgments which then swayed it, of the aims that were then entertained, of the whims and conceits that misled the fancy, and of the objects which engaged the affections and desires. The mind even so early, perhaps, was struggling after clearer conceptions, wider views, and worthier objects of regard, — longing to put away childish things, and attain unto spiritual manhood; and disappointed or vexed that its unripened faculties, and unfledged imagination were able to support it in no higher a flight. But, in Cowper, this review was unusually severe. His mind had a morbid acuteness in detecting its own faults. And no temperament and constitution of mind can be conceived of, better suited to promote misery to the possessor, than an intellect that darts rapidly from earth to heaven; which, instead of being subject to philosophical restraints, disdains all checks; which is liable to sudden alternations of light and darkness, as the feelings are to corresponding ones of exultation and despondency; which acquires new ideas, not by gradual accretions in the safe way of persevering study, but by gushes of light poured suddenly upon it with a dazzling force; a mind too rapid in its movements, too much given to impulses, to be controlled by *habits*; or, at least, imposing the necessity of the severest labor, and the strictest self-discipline, in order that such habits may be established. A brilliant imagination reflects upon such a mind all heaven above, and all hell beneath. Crowds of thick-coming fantasies continually flit before it. At one moment, groups of pure, white-robed virtues and graces entertain the vision. At another, the fancy is a screen, upon which a devil's dance keeps up its infernal orgies; and foul impurities, and monstrous impieties hold jubilee in the spirit-chambers. And if to such an impetuous, impulse-prompted intellect, prolific of thoughts to oppression, be united a tender conscience, quick to discern, and strict to condemn, although not yet having acquired force enough to guide and control, a conscience that notes the minutest lapse, detects the slightest omission, and feels acutely every indication of sin; we have the materials for the direst suffering that can afflict humanity. Calmer and more mechanical natures may deride such suffer-

ings, as unreal, where there is no indication, in the outward circumstances, of want and pain, and where the character, as manifested to the world or as stamped by the world's opinion it passes current in the shape of reputation, affords no visible documents answering to, and justifying such strong spiritual upbraidings. But such scoffers know not what they deride; and well for them! For it cannot but be regarded as one of the darkest chapters in the history of God's providence, that he should permit, as he sometimes does, one of the gentlest and most susceptible of his creatures to overflow with a horror of sin, — one moiety of which, if experienced by a hardened sinner, might turn him from his wicked ways, and restore life to a soul morally dead, — and to scourge himself through life with burning rods, and to drive the vexed spirit prematurely into night.

Cowper's state of mind in the latter years of his life was peculiar. He seems to have settled down upon the morbid conviction, that he was lost beyond hope; and yet he was sane and cheerful upon other subjects. His judgment upon common matters appears to have been accurate and discriminating. And, perhaps, in his case, this was (strange as the remark may seem) the most favorable state of mind that could be hoped for. Nothing is so agitating and distracting to the thoughts, as uncertainty, indecision, vacillation. Such looseness, in an ardent, imaginative mind, like Cowper's, may be compared to the tossings of a vessel, that has no anchor to fasten it, and no pilot to guide its course. Fixedness of any kind is a great gain, therefore, to such a mind. Cowper gained this *fixedness* only in the absolute, undoubting conviction, that he was spiritually lost beyond hope. And dreadful as this conviction was, it was preferable to a constant flux. He bolted himself to the rock of despair; but he was moored fast. And this was far better than beating about on a dark and boisterous sea, continually alarmed, and yet never knowing the extent of the danger; always on the edge of destruction, and with the experience of all the agonies which such vicinity to death occasions, and as often drawn back and reserved for new perils. On this principle, the torments of the Inquisition were designed. It was matter of scientific calculation, to go as far as the human capacity to endure suffering would allow, and to save the victim for new applications. It is on the same principle, too, that a person exposed upon a giddy eminence, when he feels his nerves begin to shake, and his brain to reel and

spin horribly, longs to precipitate himself forward, and so end in a fatal certainty the terrible suspense. And it seems to us to have been somewhat so with Cowper's spiritual condition. He longed for assurance and fixedness of some kind. The only kind, that was open to his disordered intellect, was a calm conviction of perdition. When he gained this insane persuasion, his mind was left at liberty. He could withdraw his attention from a point that was now *settled*. And this was an immense gain to one in his state. He was, in fact, restored to the free, healthy exercise of his faculties, by the most insane idea that could possess a human being. The worst form of madness is when the attention is chained to one idea, and cannot move from that spot. Cowper purchased his liberty from the tyrant thought, that had possessed him, by allowing its claims to the full. The demon held him fast, until he assented to the dreadful assertion, that he was *lost*, — and then suffered him to depart upon his parole of honor. He was now free to exercise his inimitable humor, to indulge his love of letters, to revive his early friendships, which had slept but not died, to cultivate that vein of poetry which had been opened in his youth, and to exercise his elegant talents for the delight of generation after generation of readers.

The fact of Cowper's consulting, as we are told he did, the poor, ignorant schoolmaster of Olney, and valuing his answers as the responses of an oracle, is a melancholy evidence of weakness. And such is probably the only light in which the fact will be likely to be viewed by the majority of readers. But it has another and more interesting aspect, that deserves attention. It furnishes a striking illustration of the power of the religious principle. What a levelling principle this is! How it subdues and bows the pride of genius! The consciousness of intellectual gifts of the highest order is a poor and worthless substitute for that unquestioning faith, which may dwell, along with numerous errors and absurdities, in the uncultivated mind. Tired of its own wide and sublime excursions, which only serve to bear it farther from the true sources of peace and joy, the fervent and gifted mind is prone to despise its own efforts, and undervalue its attainments, — and to long for that simple, undoubting trust and repose, which the uneducated, unsophisticated intellect entertains.

The sad story of Cowper's life, upon which we have offered a few reflections, may probably leave on the mind the impres-

sion, that his was an experience of unrelieved, unmixed suffering and gloom. Lest this should be the case, we will quote the remarks of his biographer, — so true and so beautifully expressed : —

“ Happily there was nothing irksome in any of the business to which he was called. His correspondence — except only when, upon writing to Mr. Newton, and to him alone, the consciousness of his malady arose in his mind — was purely pleasurable. He had his own affliction, and that was of the heaviest kind ; but from the ordinary cares and sorrows of life, no man was ever more completely exempted. All his connexions were prosperous. Mr. Unwin was the only friend, whose longer life must have appeared desirable, of whom death bereaved him. From the time when, in the prime of manhood, he was rendered helpless, he was provided for by others ; that Providence, which feeds the ravens, raised up one person after another to minister unto him. Mrs. Unwin was to him as a mother ; Lady Hesketh as a sister. And when he lost in Unwin one who had been to him as a brother, young men, as has already been seen in the instance of Rose, supplied that loss with filial affection. Sad as his story is, it is not altogether mournful ; he had never to complain of injustice, nor of injuries, nor of neglect. Man had no part in bringing on his calamity ; and to that very calamity which made him ‘leave the herd,’ like a ‘stricken deer,’ it was owing, that the genius which has consecrated his name, which has made him the most popular poet of his age, — and secures that popularity from fading away, was developed in retirement ; it would have been blighted, had he continued in the course for which he had been trained up. He would not have found the way to fame, unless he had missed the way to fortune. He might have been happier in his generation ; but he could never have been so useful ; with that generation his memory would have passed away, and he would have slept with his fathers, instead of living with those who are the glory of their country, and the benefactors of their kind.” — Vol. II. pp. 148, 149.

It remains to offer a few remarks suggested by Cowper's genius, and the peculiar character of his writings. “ Cowper's taste,” says Sir Egerton Brydges, “ lay in a smiling, colloquial, good-natured humor.” His English is idiomatic, at least in those productions upon which his reputation as a writer rests. Some of the most racy, poignant, and nervous English is that which is current in the market, in the workshop, in the camp, and the cabin. It is not elaborated in the schools, is marked

by none of the regularity of philosophical diction, will not submit to classical canons, but has its birth amidst the necessities and dangers, the passions and the humors of active life. From this fruitful source, Scott, and Shakspeare, and Swift, derived the instruments of their power, and found their way through many ears to a multitude of hearts. But the strong sense of such writers as have been named is apt to be mingled with coarseness; their wit runs easily into vulgarity, and their humor has a strong tang, which the very delicate would not enjoy. Cowper's style has no such strong relish. It is remarkable for delicacy and refinement, — yet with all its refinement it is not spiritless, and in its beautiful polish does not lose its point. It is the perfection of the parlor-dialect, continually attracting the reader by happy turns of thought and expression, which have enough of ingenuity to excite an agreeable surprise; but without the elaborate, far-fetching wit that astonishes at its brilliancy, — having enough of humor to call up a smile without becoming quaint and grotesque.

It is noticeable that those works of our author, which were most painfully and carefully wrought, have received the least favor from the public, whilst his permanent fame is founded upon productions which cost him little or no effort, and which were rather the living children of his *nature*, than the beautiful but dead forms originated by his *art*. Of this his translation of Homer is an illustration. In this work, his mind and imagination were constrained, as every translator's must be, who scruples to take the liberty which Pope took, of using his original merely as a stock upon which to engraft fruit of his own. His diction in this translation is also constrained, not only from the cause already named, but because it would be natural for him, in rendering an ancient classical author, for whom he entertained such a veneration as he did for Homer, to endeavor to construct his sentences upon a classical model, and to force his English to conform in phrase and idiom to the ancient pattern, and the result would be what has been, a correct, faithful version of the Grecian, which well repays the scholar who is content to study it, — but has few attractions for one who is seeking for the spirit and style of Cowper. On the contrary, the Ballad of John Gilpin, the Dirge on the loss of the Royal George, the Lines addressed to his Mother's Picture, and the Boadicea flowed spontaneously from his fancy and heart, — and will be read again and again with ever new delight. We do

not intend to undervalue the importance of art, or to express a wish that literature should be reduced to the few and rare, although luxuriant products which nature bears without cultivation. But if it be true that art must furnish the instruments with which Nature is to work, it is also true that these instruments will be useless, unless the intellect possess *ideas* worthy of being expanded and combined; or the imagination be crowded with pictures; or the heart be filled with sentiments, which demand fit phrase to give them utterance. In the *Task*, Cowper's principal poem, Nature and Art are happily blended, and aid and heighten each other. For rural scenes he had ever an observing eye, and a loving heart. And as we accompany him in his favorite walks, his descriptions seem to us full of truth and reality; and the moral reflections blended with them, are either such as we remember to have entertained, and which we are glad to have revived; or if new, such as will ever henceforth be associated with the like sights and sounds.

There are three striking phenomena in the literary character of Cowper, — the healthiness of his writings, contrasted with the insanity which we know to have been for a long time the condition of his mind; the union of a playful humor with the blackest melancholy that ever oppressed human spirits; and the very late period at which his genius developed itself. Each of these circumstances might furnish matter for curious speculation to the philosopher. He commenced author, when he was fifty years of age, — a period of life to which few postpone their fame. But the aspirations natural to youth had been, in his case, checked by a painful shyness, which shrunk from all exposure; and they were afterwards purposely and on principle mortified, in obedience to the dictates of a morbid religion. That he was ambitious of true honor, we have from his own lips. "I have," he says, "(what perhaps you little suspect me of) in my nature, an infinite share of ambition. But with it I have, at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking anything, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path, that, at so late a period, was yet open to me; and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way through the obscurity, that has been so long my portion, into notice. Everything, therefore, that seems to threaten this my favorite purpose with

disappointment, affects me nearly. I suppose that all ambitious minds are in the same predicament. He who seeks distinction must be sensible of disapprobation, exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause. And now, my precious cousin, I have unfolded my heart to you in this particular, without a speck of dissimulation. Some people, and good people too, would blame me." Yes, and he had, doubtless, blamed himself a thousand times. It was only when his nature had succeeded in breaking through the restraints that bound it, that he became a useful and happy man.

We have mentioned as one of the striking phenomena in Cowper's literary character, that his writings should be so healthy, when the mind that produced them was so often clouded and diseased. We find in them everywhere clearness, order, precision, discrimination. He was the farthest possible from mysticism, in his habits of thought, or modes of expression. All his thoughts were distinct and sharply defined. This was indeed the great source of mischief to his mind. The false and insane notions, with which he became possessed, stood before him with a horrible distinctness. Had his mind been of a different habit, he might have escaped from his pursuers, or they would have vanished, lost in clouds. But they held their shape, and would not away.

We can hardly credit the assertion, when we are informed that the humorous ballad of John Gilpin was composed, when the mind of the author was oppressed by the deepest gloom. It would seem as if Nature, tired of a perpetual sadness, took this method to obtain relief, by playing for a time with images, as different as possible from the thoughts that swayed the mind.

It is as a letter-writer that Cowper's delightful talent is most happily exercised. He sits down, evidently without a subject, not even knowing what the next sentence is to contain; and his letters, for simplicity, elegance, vivacity, and ease, cannot be surpassed. We would willingly enter upon this topic, but the pages we have already filled warn us to forbear.

W. P. L.

ART. IV. — *Conclusion of the Liverpool Controversy.*

IN answer to Mr. McNeile's Discourse, entitled "The Proper Deity of our Lord the only ground of Consistency in the Work of Redemption," we have a Discourse by Mr. Martineau, entitled "The Scheme of Vicarious Redemption inconsistent with itself, and with the Christian idea of Salvation." Acts iv. 12. The Author brings before us a picture of the scene on Mount Calvary and its accompaniments, at the Crucifixion. The ostensible impression, which it leaves upon the mind, is that of manifesting the last degree of moral perfection in the Saviour, an expression of his character, a needful preliminary to his resurrection and ascension, and leading to a development of the spirituality and universality of the Gospel. This, however, is said to be the mere outside aspect of the crucifixion. Beneath this is the deeper meaning of a vicarious Sacrifice. This alleged deeper meaning, Mr. Martineau combats as inconsistent with itself, and inconsistent with the Christian idea of Salvation. The appeals made to nature for analogies between her operations and the vicarious scheme are inconclusive. This scheme is inconsistent likewise with the character of God, and with the work of Christ. These we know are old heads of argument against the Calvinistic Atonement; but Mr. Martineau has presented them with such novelty and depth of thought, such discriminating judgment, and such an eloquent choice of words, that we are ashamed to give our readers only this meagre outline. The scheme of vicarious Suffering is inconsistent with the Scriptures; the language, which is supposed to imply it, does not appear until the Gentile controversy. The Old Testament has not the slightest trace of it. The Jews, so far from thinking that the death of the Messiah was to be a propitiation, thought he could never die at all. Neither does the Saviour in all his Parables and Discourses make any reference to a propitiatory Sacrifice, as the ground of forgiveness. The Apostles, preaching to their countrymen, insist on the resurrection, not upon the crucifixion. When preaching to the Gentiles, they do lay stress upon the death of the Saviour, because that event extended his Messiahship, which before was confined to the Jews. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews thinks to console his countrymen for the abrogation of

their Law, by representing the death of Christ, as a commutation of it.

The next Lecture in course is by Rev. David James, "The Doctrine of the Trinity proved as a Consequence from the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ." John xv. 26. He is entitled to assume the Deity of Christ, and consequently a Plurality of Persons in the Godhead, as proved by the preceding Lectures of his colleagues, and proceeding upon this supposition, to show that this Plurality must consist of a Trinity, because a third Person, the Holy Ghost is spoken of in Scripture, as possessing all the characteristics of Deity, in common with the first and the second. But he will not avail himself of this privilege, as he wishes his Discourse to be a complete proof of the great and cardinal Doctrine of the Trinity. He argues, I. That the Moral Character and Unity of God cannot be discovered from the Works of Creation. The frame of the Universe may teach the natural properties, but not the moral attributes of its Author. We could not judge from examining a Cathedral, whether its architect were a good or a bad man. Neither can the Universe prove that it is the work of but one author, and he of infinite goodness, for many perfect plans are the joint products of many minds, agreeing and differing, and the world likewise exhibits marks of an Evil Agency. II. Revelation is necessarily the only full and satisfactory source of information respecting the Divine Being. To this Reason must succumb. III. Revelation then teaches that God is a Spirit, and if it teaches anything about this Spirit which our reason cannot comprehend, we are still bound to receive it. IV. One Jehovah, and Three distinct Agents, possessing Divine Perfections, are presented to our notice throughout the Bible. The Hebrew plural being applied to the Deity in many instances, proves the Plurality of Persons; works of Deity being ascribed to the Father, Son, and Spirit,—and only to them, prove this Plurality to be a Trinity. Their separate agency in the redemption of man was agreed upon in a covenant before the creation of the world. The Son and the Spirit consented to become temporarily subordinate to the Father. The Saviour in his humanity often makes an explicit avowal of his voluntary subordination, and, strange to say, this avowal is regarded by the Unitarians, as a confession of inferiority to the Father. There is nothing more unreasonable in the union of God and man in Christ, than in the union between the soul and the body in man. The law of

compensation demands such an atonement as only Deity can offer. The Sanctification of men requires likewise the agency of a person. This is a sketch of Mr. James's Discourse, which seems to us remarkably ingenious and skillful, and showing the sincerity of his own faith; but it does not by any means justify its title.

The Discourse, in answer to this, by Rev. J. H. Thom, is entitled, "The Unscriptural Origin and Ecclesiastical History of the Doctrine of the Trinity." John xiv. 10. Error must be traced to its source to be removed. The strong current of the river bears down all that opposes it; when traced back to the mountain stream, it may be turned aside. If the Doctrine of the Trinity can be proved to be an Ecclesiastical fabrication, its Scriptural Origin is disproved. It may be fully proved that the Jewish Christians never did acknowledge the Deity of Christ. Mr. Thom then traces the Christian Trinity to the Gentile Philosophy, in its triflings with the Platonizing Jews of Alexandria. By slow and successive steps, the early fancy of speculation acquired its present Orthodox form, as the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. If it had been revealed, it would have been perfect at once; but it took thirteen centuries to invest the doctrine of the Trinity with its present form. A most ingenious and admirable division is furnished for the Discourse, in the three Creeds of the Church of England, which become more and more Unitarian, according to their respective ages. The first is Unitarian; the second asserts the Deity of Christ, but says nothing of the Deity of the Holy Spirit; the third is Trinitarian. Evidence is adduced that, for the first three hundred years, the Christian writers asserted the Inferiority of Jesus to God, and that it was not till after the year 140, that anything like a derived divinity was ascribed to him. The conflicting opinions, relative to the nature of the Son, called together the Nicene Council, A. D. 325, — when the Creed was drawn up which ascribes to him a *derived* Deity; but still without any mention of the Deity or personality of the Holy Spirit. This last addition was made by the Council of Constantinople, in 381. From the year 500 to the year 800, those disputes were in agitation, which related to the mystical union of the two Natures in Christ. The result was the Creed called that of Athanasius. Waddington's judgment against this Creed is quoted at length. So much for Ecclesiastical History. As to the Scriptures, it is conceded by all, that God is revealed to

be One, we ask now for one single passage, in which it is asserted that this Unity consists of a Trinity of Persons. There is no direct evidence of the dogma. Inferential reasoning is all that is pretended for it; but even the strongest passages, from which this inference is drawn, will not support it, but disprove it. On the other side, the dogma is denied by express and plain declarations of Scripture. Christ frequently makes assertions which are utterly inconsistent with the idea of his Deity. As to the device of two Natures which sets aside these last arguments, metaphysics and subtilty, not revelation and Scripture, are the authors of it. Ecclesiastical History has recorded the rise of the Doctrine of the Trinity, — it will yet record its decline and fall.

The next in course is the Lecture by Rev. R. P. Buddicom, "The Atonement indispensable to the Necessities of Fallen Man, and Shown to Stand or Fall with the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans iii. 23 – 26. The Author first considers The Scriptural Statement of Man's Condition, and Relation to God. This is contained in a few words of gloomy import: "All have sinned, and come short of the Glory of God." Man is a public offender, and as his obligations are to God, he cannot assume for himself the liability of his guilt, but must find a substitute. Therefore he is utterly unable to make any worthy satisfaction or restitution to God, for his crimes against the Majesty of Heaven and Earth. Neither obedience nor repentance can avail, for obedience is impossible, now that man has fallen, and repentance is not enough. This brings us to the second point, The Scriptural Method of our Recovery and Salvation. Man is justified, as to himself, by the mere mercy of God, through a satisfaction made to God by the Vicarious Propitiation of Jesus Christ. Heathen Sacrifices, the Old Testament Law, the Passover, &c., are all typical and illustrative of the fact, that the sufferings and death of the human body of the Deity, were needful for the recovery and salvation of man. This Vicarious Atonement for Sin, is the great display of the Righteousness of God. Faith is the appointed mean, to communicate to the Sinner, for the removal of his attainder and condemnation, this propitiation in the blood of Jesus Christ. In the third place, The Doctrine of Man's Salvation, by Vicarious Atonement, must stand or fall with the Proper Deity, and with the Proper Humanity of Jesus Christ.

The Unitarian Discourse corresponding to this, is by the Rev.

H. Giles, "Man, the Image of God." 1 Cor. xi. 7, and Luke xv. 17-19. The Author elucidates two extreme and false opinions of human nature; first, that the image of God is wholly lost in man, and second, the unreasonable expectation of seeking either a Utopian perfection, or a Calvinistic depravity, in any individual. Then he adduces some of those essential elements in human nature, which properly entitle it to be considered still in the image of God. We may put out of controversy the intellect and the taste, for these are undeniable spiritual elements. Bishop Butler is quoted in proof of the assertion, that sin is not natural, but unnatural. Two eternal moral elements we may recognise in human nature, under all its forms; sympathy and conscience, the feeling of a common nature, and the sense of right and wrong. The first appears in family affections, in the home, whether it be scooped under the snow, or beneath a tent, in the love of country, the love even of an enemy under suffering, in the charities extended to the afflicted, the orphan, and the prisoner. Even the misanthrope and the anchorite bear witness to the same moral element. The sense of right and wrong, likewise, is an essential moral characteristic of man, which bears the impress of his divine likeness. Its conclusions are often apparently contradictory, but its obligation is unvarying. The sense of duty is universal. Even crime is its witness; the power of doing evil attests the capacity of doing right. It is this sense of duty which unites us to our species, and gives us confidence in man, — and as it declares to us a God, so it has a tendency to raise us to him. Why, in conclusion, should we degrade ourselves? Certainly this is not humility; it is a concession to an unworthy theology. Why should we exalt the capacities of human nature? It is that we may do proper homage to our Maker, God; but it teaches us to hope for and to honor man. Some valuable Notes are appended to the Discourse, illustrating its principles by extracts from distinguished authors.

Next we have a Discourse by Rev. J. E. Bates, on "The Deity, Personality, and Operations of the Holy Ghost." John xvi. 12-15. The Author contrasts the Trinitarian and the Unitarian Faith upon this point, and thus opening the subject, refers to plain declarations of Scripture, to prove the three statements involved in the Title of his Lecture. The Deity of the Holy Ghost is proved by the ascription to him of the Names, Works, Attributes, and Worship of God; and the objection,

that the names Lord and God are often applied to inferior beings, is answered. [The Author does not seem to be aware that he is fighting against a mere shadow in his whole argument. He could have found thousands of Unitarian Sermons which would have saved him all the trouble of his own reasoning.] The Personality of the Spirit is inferred from those passages, which we consider a personification of the Spiritual Attributes of the Deity ; but the same line of argument, which the Author adopts, would prove that God has hands and feet. The use of the masculine pronoun in connexion with the Holy Spirit, the Ascription of Powers, and Properties of Understanding and Will, are, by the Author, considered as good arguments in favor of his opinion, while he finds no objection to it in the passages, where the Holy Spirit is spoken of, as *given, sent, poured out, &c.* The enlightening, sanctifying, renewing, governing, and sealing influences of the Spirit, are adduced in proof of its individual, personal operations. The answer to this Discourse, which was by Rev. Mr. Thom, we noticed in our last number.

"The Sacraments practically rejected by Unitarians," is the Title of the next Church Lecture, by Rev. H. W. M'Grath. Matth. xxviii. 19, and xxvi. 26 – 28. The subject is treated under four heads ; 1. What the Sacraments are, as collected from the Scriptures. They are visible signs and tokens of Christian profession, — Baptism, the appointed rite of admission into the visible Church ; the Supper, the public profession of our continuance in it. These are effectual signs and means of grace, — pledges from God of his favor towards us, as was circumcision under the former dispensation. The remission of Sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, are blessings connected with Baptism and the Supper. But the grace of the Sacraments is not in themselves, it is in the Lord ; and dependent, to the receiver, upon the *right* reception of them. II. What is the view of the Church of England upon this Subject ? This is gathered from the formularies, the Creeds, Articles, and Services, and coincides with the Scriptural view already given. The Church thus wisely discards the superstitious additions contained in, III. The view of those who attribute to the Sacraments what is due only to the Soul and the substance of them ; giving to emblems the reverence due to the realities they represent. Thus, the Church of Rome abuses the two Sacraments, and adds five other pretended Sacraments to them, alleging that the very doing or receiving of them confers grace, and that they

imprint a certain character upon the Soul. The Author here thinks that the Oxford Tracts lie in his way, and he gives them a passing censure. As the view, in which the Church of England regards the Sacraments, is thus opposed to the one extreme of Romanism, so is it opposed to, IV. The extreme, which practically denies the import and value of the Sacraments altogether. He endeavors to show the inconsistency of administering Sacraments, to which, upon Unitarian principles, little or no meaning can reasonably be attached. For Unitarians reject the Trinitarian form in which Baptism is to be administered; they deny the doctrines of original sin, of regeneration, of forgiveness, and of the receiving of the Holy Ghost, which are involved in it. So, too, Unitarians practically reject the Sacrament of the Supper, by denying that the Lord's death, of which it is commemorative, was a Sacrifice for Sin, by denying the Grace conveyed in this Sacrament, and by not believing that he, whose death is thus celebrated, will again come as God, to judge the world. In closing this Discourse, we cannot but express our approbation of the Christian mildness and charity, and the absence of all asperity in the treatment of his opponents, which the author manifests. The delivery of the answer to this Discourse, by Mr. Martineau, was postponed to the conclusion of the course, on account of his indisposition.

"The Nicene and Athanasian Creeds explained and defended," is the next Lecture on the part of the Church, by Rev. R. Davies. 2 Tim. i. 13. The Author begins at the beginning of his subject, by attempting to defend Creeds in general. A Creed is a concise sketch, or representation of a larger system; they define the most important points, and bring them together; and they diffuse a fellow-feeling among believers. There are objections to them, but of no weight *if* the Creeds are Scriptural. Very simple formularies sufficed in the Apostles' time, and the Creed called by their name, though not composed by them, expressed their faith. The rise of Heresies made other more minute and explicit declarations necessary. This leads to, II. An Explanation of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. The Nicene Creed was completed about A. D. 447. It is not to be supposed that its Authors, in adding the Deity of the Son to the Apostles' Creed, believed more than they did before, — but that some heretics had begun to believe less. But even this was found inadequate to keeping heretical teachers and tenets out of the Church, so the Athanasian creed

was drawn up, thus named, not from him as its author, but to recommend and adorn it, as it is an excellent system of his doctrines. This last formulary was designed to teach explicitly the Doctrines of the Trinity, and the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. III. A Defence of the Creeds in answer to objections. The first two objections to them allege, that the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, being unscriptural, the Creeds must be unscriptural likewise. The answers to these objections lead us, of course, over the beaten track. A third objection is founded upon the uncharitable condemnation, denounced upon those who do not believe the explications, in the Athanasian Creed. These, however, the author understands to apply only to *those who* obstinately deny the substance of the Christian faith. IV. The Spirit in which our religious profession should be maintained, not as a matter of mere curiosity, amusement, or idle speculation, but in faith and love, as saving truth.

In our last notice, we mentioned the answer to this Discourse by Rev. Mr. Giles, as also the next Discourse in order, On the Personality and Agency of Satan, by Rev. Mr. Stowell. Mr. Martineau's reply to this, is entitled "The Christian View of Moral Evil." Isaiah v. 18-20. Is evil the antagonist, or the agent, of the Divine Will? This is the problem which has perplexed all men. We may look for a solution, to philosophical schemes, to biblical doctrine, and to practical Christianity. I. Philosophy offers only two views of the problem; first, by denying that God is the author of evil, or, second, by pronouncing it his mere tool, for the production of greater good. The first supposes a benevolent Creator, trammelled by the obstinacy of matter, — and this opposing power being personified leads to the Manichean theory of two conflicting Gods. It cannot give us relief, for it makes us the sport of an awful conflict. The fundamental idea of the second system is, that evil is a result of God's will, his temporary instrument for everlasting ends; a necessary agent in the production of greater good than could exist without its instrumentality. The personification of the evil principle into a Satan does not affect the theory. But this will not give us relief. It serves the benevolence of God at the expense of his Omnipotence. Philosophy, then, cannot aid us. II. The Scriptures are supposed by some to teach the existence of Satan, as a doctrine of revelation. The passages which imply the existence and agency of such a being, cannot be frittered away; they express the real belief of some of the

sacred authors, — but the question is, whether their belief came from revelation, or their own speculation? A great outrage is done to the Book of Genesis, by the common representation of the Fall. There is no trace in it of an evil spirit, nor is there in the whole Pentateuch, which records more trials and temptations than all the rest of the Scriptures, one word of allusion to such a being as Satan. Nor is there one hint of any moral corruption entailed upon men by the Fall. The Hebrew Satan and the Greek Devil must not be identified. The former represents rather a function or an office, than an individual, a recognised agent of the divine will, rather than a fiend. We may clearly trace the development of this conception in the Old Testament, and its modification, by the Persian mythology, into the shape which it bears in the New Testament. It is easy now to conceive of the origin of the belief in demoniacal possessions, and in ghosts and fiends, which cannot be shown to have come from inspiration, but is clearly detected as arising and extending in the prevailing sentiments of the age. The temptation of the Saviour was a real event, a deep struggle in his soul. There is no assertion of the literal presence of a tempting agent. Thus we do not resolve all Scripture language about an evil agent into personifications and allegories. We allow and assert that the Jews believed in the existence of evil spirits. The New Testament writers shared this belief, nor is it in any way inconsistent with their inspiration. Revelation is silent, and Philosophy is perplexed, on the question of Moral Evil; we must therefore look for final decision to, III. The practical Spirit of Christianity, and see what view of the subject is stamped with its authority. Is it well for our consciences and characters to consider God as the primary source of moral evil? On the contrary, is it not better to regard it as in no sense whatever willed by him, but as absolutely inimical to him? Individual responsibility is the profound sentiment which pervades Christianity. It knows nothing of a transfer of holiness or guilt; nor of an hereditary taint of the conscience or the heart. By attempting to trace our sin to a progenitor, or to an evil spirit, we confuse all our moral perceptions, and destroy the solemn consciousness of individual obligation, and divide our criminality. But an objector endeavors to set aside these arguments, by asserting that men do not trouble themselves about the *origin* of their guilt; enough of responsibility remains when we consider only its *consequences*. This state-

ment assumes that motives of self-regard are the most powerful in operating on the character. But practical Christianity makes little, if any appeal to *prudential feelings*. The conscience instinctively regards evil as the *enemy* of God, — so does practical Christianity ; and here we have a double suffrage against the scheme which makes moral evil the *instrument* of God.

The last lecture in course on the part of the Church, was by Rev. W. Dalton, "The Eternity of Future Rewards and Punishments." Matth. xxv. 46. The Author adduces, I. Some Scriptural Quotations, in which the misery of the wicked is declared to be of equal duration with the joy of the righteous. The words *everlasting*, *eternal*, and *forever*, are applied alike to the happiness of the good, and the sufferings of the bad. The experiences of heaven and of hell are spoken of as of equal duration. II. The Unitarian mode of reply to these quotations. As to Scripture Texts, the Unitarians limit the meaning of the common Hebrew and Greek words for expressing *everlasting*, and they allege that *Hades* means the unseen state, not a place of punishment. Then they advance some general objections to the eternity of future punishments ; the merciful and paternal character of God ; the corrective, not the destructive, intent of suffering ; and assert that the doctrine of eternal misery is deficient in moral power over the sinner's conscience, because exaggerated and unreasonable. III. The connexion of the Doctrine with some important truths of Christianity. It is connected with the Scriptural view of Sin, with the redemption work of Jesus, and with the sanctions by which God enforces the reception of the Gospel message. IV. A few Practical Reflections on the whole Controversy with the Unitarians, with especial reference to this subject. We should learn to respect each others' motives, and not to misrepresent each others' sentiments, believing reciprocally in each others' sincerity, and looking for mutual candor. We expect that this controversy will lead us to a stronger attachment to truth, and make the Unitarians more *anxious* in their study of the Scriptures. We believe in their *sincerity*, but we doubt their anxiety. Finally, we should all aim to realize the prospects of the eternal world. There is a heaven and there is a hell, — the experiences of both are everlasting.

In reply to this, Rev. H. Giles, preached upon "The Christian View of Retribution hereafter." Jonah iv. 9-11. It states the general essential views of Unitarians on the subject,

and examines the arguments adduced in support of the doctrine of endless torture. We are accused of making light of sin. Far from it; we insist that sin is a dark and foul stain upon the soul,—but it is individually acquired, not inherited. Sin is an evil, it is punishable, it leaves injurious consequences which may be eternal. It cannot be washed out by any sacrifice or expiation,—only by individual sorrow, resistance, and amendment, can its subject be redeemed. Thus far, we agree with the Calvinist in the evil and ruin of sin. The tenet of eternal torture has been gradually softening down since it reached its perfection in a barbarous age. The words supposed to express unlimited duration will not support the tenet; they are confessedly variable in their signification. But there are many Scriptures at utter variance with the tenet. God is good, not malignant,—a restorer, not a destroyer; he prefers mercy to sacrifice. The end and glory of the redemption by Jesus, is the ultimate happiness and virtue of mankind. Future punishment will, like present pain, have a tendency to correct. But eternal pain is a figment; it would either wear out itself, or its subject. The doctrine, too, has no moral effect, or but a bad one. It is idle, likewise, to assert that sin is an infinite offence. On the principles of Calvinism, this assertion becomes doubly absurd; for Calvinism describes man as a powerless and contemptible creature. Man is not an infinite, nor an incorrigible offender. Happy experience is our proof. Then the doctrine of eternal perdition is inconsistent with the moral omnipotence of God. God must be either infinitely malignant, or infinitely benevolent. If he be the latter, he has the motive, as well as the power to redeem his children. Yet Calvinism would vindicate the Glory of God by Hell Torments, as if necessary to attest his justice. The doctrine of eternal torment is manifestly opposed to God's justice. So is it to his wisdom; for it is unwise to create, merely to destroy. And how shall we show forth the bliss of the few that are saved, while they are witnesses to the agony of those with whom they walked in friendship on earth. God wills not that any should perish. What unmeasured bliss is borne by this sweet promise to desolate, sinning, and struggling men. There is pure philosophy and glowing eloquence in this Discourse, to which our meagre sketch does great injustice.

“Christianity without Priest and without Ritual,” by Rev. James Martineau. 1 Peter, ii. 4, 5. The Author takes a

bold grasp of his subject, by presenting the origin and characteristics of two opposite views of religion ; the one being expressed by a Priest with his Ritual, who takes up, and appropriates the mediatory relation of man to God, barring all other means of approach and sanctification ; the other being expressed by the Prophet with his Faith, who leaps the gap of Separation either by time or space, appealing to a light within, and bringing the future near. He then proceeds to show that the Church of England in its doctrine of Sacraments coincides with the former, while Christianity adopts the latter. The Church of England attributes to the Sacraments a charmed efficacy on the human soul. This position is most irrefutably sustained by quotations from the articles and offices of the Church relating to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and from the mediatory authority assigned to the priesthood. With this is contrasted the anti-sacerdotal character of primitive Christianity. Jesus was a Prophet, not a Priest ; he denied and superseded all forms and rites, — he placed no dividing or intervening processes between man and God. Baptism is an initiatory form, the Supper is an act of commemoration. The familiar associations, which Judaism had gathered around Baptism by using it as the sign of washing away a foul idolatry from its proselytes, led to its adoption by the Saviour. The Lord's Supper is a simple commemoration of the Saviour's dying love, and of that event which enlarged his office from that of a Hebrew Prophet to that of the Prophet and Saviour of the whole world. The Lecture closes with a judicious retrospect of the controversy, a gathering up of fragments, and a clear expression of great principles.

“ And now, friends and brethren, let us say a glad farewell to the fretfulness of controversy, and retreat again, with thanksgiving, into the interior of our own venerated truth. Having come forth, at the severer call of duty, to do battle for it, with such force as God vouchsafes to the sincere, let us go in to live and worship beneath its shelter. They tell you, it is not the true faith. Perhaps not : but then, you think it so ; and that is enough to make your duty clear, and to draw from it, as from nothing else, the very peace of God. May be, we are on our way to something better, unexistent and unseen as yet ; which may penetrate our souls with nobler affection, and give a fresh spontaneity of love to God and all immortal things. Perhaps there cannot be the truest life of faith, except in scattered individuals,

till this age of conflicting doubt and dogmatism shall have passed away. Dark and leaden clouds of materialism hide the heaven from us ; red gleams of fanaticism pierce through, vainly striving to reveal it ; and not till the weight is heaved from off the air, and the thunders roll down the horizon, will the serene light of God flow upon us, and the blue infinite embrace us again. Meanwhile, we must reverentially love the faith we have : to quit it for one that we have not, were to lose the breath of life, and die." — p. 53.

We have thus traced this controversy from its commencement to its conclusion. Another series of valuable, we may say indispensable, aids is now furnished to those who are inquiring into the great questions of Trinitarian Theology. We expected to find that the arduous part, which the three Unitarian Ministers have sustained in the Controversy, would be acknowledged by the members of their congregations ; and we record with pleasure the following resolutions passed at a meeting of the "three Congregations." — That, in the opinion of this Meeting, the zeal and ability with which the late Unitarian Controversy, in Liverpool, has been conducted by the *Rev. James Martineau*, the *Rev. John Hamilton Thom*, and the *Rev. Henry Giles*, through the medium of a Public Correspondence, and of Evening Lectures at Paradise Street Chapel, (in answer to the thirteen Lectures in Christ Church, by as many Trinitarian Clergymen,) have been, at once, creditable to the Ministers engaged in it, and advantageous to the cause of religious truth. That the varied learning and talent displayed, the great labor of critical research undergone, and the admirable temper and discretion maintained throughout the Controversy, under circumstances of singular provocation and excitement, call for the expression of our high admiration, as well as of our heartfelt and grateful acknowledgments.

G. E. E.

ART. IV. — *Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Hemans.* By her SISTER. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 12mo. pp. 317. 1839.

THIS is precisely such a biography as we should desire of such a woman as Mrs. Hemans; a sister only, and very few sisters, could have written it. It is a graceful and feminine portraiture of a most graceful and feminine mind, which we cannot doubt, after making all due allowances for the partiality of a sister's pencil, gives us a faithful likeness. It is an exquisite painting in enamel, which flatters by its very delicacy. It is in this character of a true picture, that the volume before us has delighted us; as a mere narrative, it possesses no extraordinary interest; the few events that make up the life of a retired woman, derive their interest from her character; and it is the charm of her character that alone makes us eager to follow the fortunes of Mrs. Hemans.

From her earliest childhood she appears to have been marked by singular personal attractions, and extraordinary tokens of genius. Her memory was almost miraculous, and her imagination and sensibility made her life a perpetual dream of excitement. Verse seems to have been in a manner the spontaneous expression of her mind; her first volume was printed when she was only fourteen years of age. Music and drawing were natural and favorite accomplishments. She grew up the admiration and delight of all around her. She married early, and unhappily; lived a life of keen trial, intermixed with the highest enjoyment; and died at last, it may be said, of exhaustion, at the age of forty-one; — having won the purest, most affectionate, and most enduring fame on earth, and showing herself exalted by the influences of religion, amid her severe discipline, to a peculiar ripeness for heaven.

Mrs. Hughes has already been favorably known, as one who can herself weave sweet verses, and clothe verse in the sweet harmonies of music. It was she who composed the noble strains of that anthem, "The Pilgrim Fathers," to which the patriotic hearts of New England thrill, as to some native and familiar air, some "Ranz-de-vaches" of American mountains. She has now done what she ought to do, in giving this bright sketch to the world. She has told us much that we like to know of the haunts and habits of that youth passed in roman-

tic Wales; of the wonderful memory, the immense reading, the graceful accomplishments, the filial and maternal tenderness, the real sufferings of her gifted and idolized sister: — and she has told it all in such a manner as to rivet the reader to her pages. Even when the volume is closed, we can hardly break the spell, and perceive that a bright haze still hangs between us and the subject. We hardly dare own that, on reflection, we miss certain prosaic details, which might seem important to the practical-minded American reader. For instance, we dare not wonder what Mrs. Hemans was among the duties of the ménage, to which her circumstances, at some period of her life, (especially when she was left motherless,) must have required her attention. We content ourselves with saying, How could she be everything? And we are satisfied to look upon her as posterity will, as Mrs. Hemans, the Poetess; a graceful, powerful, lovely development of female mind, which, with its melancholy elegance, dwells in our fancy, an image by itself; such as to her was the sad, fair statue of the Grecian Sappho.

It is a great satisfaction to find the life and character of a distinguished author harmonize with his works. This gratification may be particularly enjoyed in the case of Mrs. Hemans. It is delightful to lay down the poems, and, while still glowing under their tender and exalting influences, to look at the woman. We take them up with redoubled interest, after having satisfied ourselves, that they were the genuine outpourings of her mind; that they embodied, as well as words could do, her true soul; that she was in real life, and in plain prose, a high-minded, refined, affectionate, and virtuous woman. To have found her otherwise would have been a severe shock; yet sometimes in perusing the volume before us, we have been almost startled at finding how completely she *was* all that our imaginations had painted her.

Sad, however, very sad, are some of the convictions which these pages have deepened within us. Unconsciously, we believe, the writer has disclosed to us some of the deeper recesses of a highly poetical nature, and a solemn voice speaks to us thence, like the voice of a caverned prophetess, full of unearthly wo. Believing the character of Mrs. Hemans to be one of the most complete manifestations of that nature, which was ever unfolded under earthly influences, we rise from its study with a confirmed impression, that such is not the constitution of mind most replete with the elements of happiness. It appears essen-

tial to the poet, that Imagination should take the lead of all the other faculties ; they must not be destroyed nor impaired, or the sanity of the mind is affected ; but they must be subservient to this power, and, as it were, work under it. Memory, the reasoning power, in the operations of a poet's brain are subjected to the imagination, and toil for it. The visible world and all events act more forcibly on his imagination than on any other of his mental powers ; it is that which instantly takes up and deals with every new idea that enters through the senses ; the more rapidly and ably this is done, the stronger, probably, are the poetical conceptions formed. But the fine poet is seldom a judicious man ; especially if he separate himself from the every-day world, and become an author by profession. Things do not appear to such a mind, as they do to one whose powers are more equally balanced ; they do not appear as they really are. So supremely wise and good are the Divine arrangements, that no coloring, no transposition of the relative importance of things by the most gifted fancy, can improve them. He, therefore, has the best chance of happiness, who most clearly sees all things as they really are. It is the partial, exaggerated, or distorted perception of what is, that constitutes the chief mental suffering of man. And the highly imaginative are most constantly doomed to struggle with such false perceptions.

It is vain to say, that their glowing fancies supply them with felicities, which real life cannot furnish ; no *sane* mind can derive permanent happiness from illusion ; and when a bright illusion fades, the darkness seems intense by the contrast. The pleasant, sober, every-day light suffices not for him, who has imbibed a morbid taste for watching the meteoric flashes which light up with dazzling, but evanescent glory, the shadowy world of Imagination.

With this mental temperament is usually connected a peculiar delicacy of physical organization ; almost invariably in woman, very frequently in the robuster frame of man. The great Scottish bard has been quoted as a complete exception ; but what finally prostrated him in his fresh old age ? His highly imaginative genius indeed appeared upon earth, in a robust frame ; the constitution he inherited from a hardy ancestry, and the habits of his early life might be thanked for this ; and to it, we may undoubtedly attribute much of that healthy and happy tone of disposition, to which he modestly alludes, in

drawing some comparison between himself and Lord Byron. But look, as years roll on, how the sad law works ! Certain objects attained an undue importance in his mind ; to his excited imagination it became worthy of a life's labor to recall the spirit of past ages, and revive, in his own person, the Scottish baron of old, with his stately halls and broad domains, all to be proudly transmitted to an elder son. And in the carrying out of this poetical idea, he saw not things as they really were, and marked not the machinery of modern society, as it moved on about him, till his own worldly fortunes were drawn in and crushed in some temporary derangement of its wheels and springs. Then, with views and efforts of which no ordinary prosaic mind would have dreamed, he attempted intellectual labors, by which even his iron nerves were shattered. We believe that his health yielded, not to external, but to internal, to mental causes, as completely as Mrs. Hemans's ; and that his premature decay, for such it was, may be first indirectly traced to the undue action of the Imagination, which involved him in difficulties that made such fatal efforts needful ; and then more directly to the effects of mental labor on the bodily frame.

In Mrs. Hemans, however, the peculiar physical constitution, of which we speak, seems to have been marked from early life. We should call it *nervous*, if it were not that the misapprehension of its real meaning has created a prejudice against the word. In persons of the temperament to which we allude, we should say that their Maker had interwoven the soul more closely with the physical fibre ; that the clay seemed more completely informed with the spirit, so that every nerve more quickly and keenly conveyed the impression made on it to the invisible perceptive power. Of such it is that we say in common parlance, they are "all soul." Such may enjoy greatly ; but they also must suffer greatly. They usually suffer much from that indescribable state of existence, called being — not sick, — but in *feeble health*. Jar but the mind with a rude touch of anxiety or grief, and some part of the frail machinery of the body is sure to give way, as if *it* had been struck or blighted. Truly and beautifully has a living poet said, — "In general, Nature appears to have a prodigal delight in inclosing her costliest essences in the most frail and perishable vessels." Who cannot recall from the annals of poets innumerable instances of the temperament we have described ? It is true, thousands have been so afflicted, who never wrote a line of verse ; but of all

those who have been endowed with poetic genius, there are few who have not suffered from it. The cause is to us, of course, inscrutable ; but we have been struck with the fresh and strong illustration of the fact afforded us, in the book we have just read with such profound interest.

We said that the convictions it has deepened in us are sad, because it is sad to find that the exquisite delight afforded by such poetry must be so dearly bought ; it is sad to find, that, in the nature of things, a being, gifted with power to confer pleasure of so exalted a nature, could enjoy only an interrupted happiness in this world. Her power sprang from those sensibilities which are connected with a delicate physical constitution, — thereby insuring the depressing reaction of feeble health on the mind ; those sensibilities, which feel acutely every earthly ill, and are perpetually craving a peace and purity not to be found on earth. Throughout all Mrs. Hemans's writings, her poems, and her letters too, we catch glimpses of this source, whence flowed such bitter waters. In the depths of her soul were longings and aspirations unknown to common minds ; and at which the world is apt to sneer, because it can neither feel nor comprehend them. But to minds of a kindred nature, though humbler order, much of her power is found in these same intense longings, under whose influence she sketched imaginary virtue, peace, and beauty, such as she yearned to behold in reality. We gaze, we melt in tender admiration, under the spells of her genius ; but not being able to look beyond what she has the skill to show us, and not being visited with such unearthly aspirations as hers, — we admire in peace ; we are spared all that she suffers from her distinct but tantalizing glimpses of the desirable and unattainable.

And, — strange as it may seem in those who claim the capacity of appreciating and enjoying Mrs. Hemans's wonderful poetry, — we are content to be so spared. We think few individuals of well-disciplined minds and right views would not pause, should it be permitted them to decide whether or not a soul precisely like that of Mrs. Hemans, — with all its gifts and accompanying susceptibilities, — should tenant the earthly frame of an infant daughter. Parental pride, ambition, might dictate one prayer ; but would not the pure, thoughtful, disinterested love, which seeks only the real happiness of its object, prompt quite another ? We are very far from meaning to derogate from the estimate formed of Mrs. Hemans's character, even by an

idolizing sister. Admirably endowed as she was, — the first poet of her sex, no matter into what age or country we look for her equal, from the days of Sappho down to this, — a model of female purity and sweetness, both in her writings and life, — it would be absurd and almost wicked, not to regard such a being with feelings little short of veneration, — an emotion made up of deep love, mingled with deep respect. We look on her as an incarnation of many of the most delightful, distinctive attributes of the feminine character; her genius was that of Woman in its noblest development, — sweet, tender, and, above all things, pure. And yet, we cannot but repeat, that we should stand weeping and trembling by the cradle of the daughter, whom we knew to be constituted in all respects as she was; for her soul had in it the elements of intense suffering. We again appeal to the testimony of the pages before us, as well as to the single, prolonged, thrilling, sweet, but exquisitely mournful minor-key, on which almost all her poetry, her heart-music, is set.

It is vain to refer us to the one event of her life, which could have befallen no woman of right feelings, without casting a shadow over her whole existence. The veil has never been lifted from the causes and circumstances of her husband's estrangement; and far be it from the stranger to demand that it should be so lifted, even though it should disclose that which might silence calumny forever. Though a woman do come before the public as an author, if it be in such a spirit of genuine modesty, as did Mrs. Hemans, and in aid of intellectual progress and refinement, and above all, if she be urged by so justifiable an impulse, as that alluded to in the 300th page,* — she steps not beyond the sacredness of private life. She is only fulfilling the task allotted her with her gifts. And, therefore, finding everything to admire in the moral character of Mrs. Hemans, as a writer, and nothing to censure in her moral conduct, we have no right to insist on knowing the details of her private afflictions, or errors of judgment, — if such there were, — any more than those of any other woman upon earth. We may, indeed, feel a deeper interest about them, from feelings

* "It has ever been one of my regrets, that the constant necessity of providing sums of money to meet the exigencies of the boys' education, has compelled me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions."

better than idle curiosity ; but it is an interest which we can and must discreetly rule. It is enough to ascertain that whatever fault may have lain on the side of the helpless one, — if there were any, — it was no fault of principle, moral conduct, or temper ; and this, we think, we *have* ascertained from such evidence as is afforded by her poems and letters, the character of her intimacies, and the testimony of various sketches of her, from such as knew her well. Never, apparently, was woman more devotedly loved by mother, brothers and sisters, children, and “troops of friends ;” the ties of blood and frequent intercourse will not bind hearts after this fashion. Under these impressions, we are led to a conviction, that the reserve maintained by Mrs. Hughes, as well as other writers, on so important a part of Mrs. Hemans’s biography, proceeds absolutely from delicacy towards a man, who won the youthful affections of the enthusiastic and guileless poetess, and proved unworthy of them. In what respect, and in what degree, he was unworthy, we know not, and have no need to know. It might have been only from a lower order of tastes.

But, although we allow that she had a living sorrow, which should have sobered the gayest spirit, we still believe that she felt the thorn so ruthlessly planted in her heart, with an acuteness of sensation proportionate to her high gifts. Such is the perfect system of compensation pervading the moral world, that the enjoyment she derived from the exercise of those gifts, must have been balanced somehow ; and, in her case, the weight thrown into the opposite scale was a mental distress, arising partly from the incessant, wearing, often agonizing, idea of her own loneliness, amid devoted friends ; her own unprotectedness, when the wise and good were anxious to serve her. The peculiarity of her situation was never forgotten by her ; duller minds might have become accustomed to it, and colder hearts might have sometimes ceased to burn and throb so painfully under it ; but such relief was not for her. A woman who can become insensible to the misery of having married unfortunately, has something wrong in her ; — some deficiency in principle, in lovingness, or in refinement. But she, who has all these qualities in the highest degree, must suffer in the highest degree.

In whatever form, however, the earthly trials of Mrs. Hemans had come, they would have found in her a peculiar susceptibility to anguish, not arising from want of fortitude, or strength

of mind ; but from the delicacy of her mental constitution, and the power of her imagination, and her affections. So faithful and fond was she in the maternal relation, that the depravity of a child, — probably the severest of trials to a virtuous mother, — might have brought her to a still earlier grave. But the blessing of God seems to have rested on the instructions which the solitary wife poured into the hearts of her five boys, and the bruised reed was not so cruelly broken. So engaging is the appearance of this little groupe in Mrs. Hughes's book, that the heart of the reader cannot but follow them abroad into the world, with a romantic interest in their characters and fortunes. The sons of Mrs. Hemans ! a title which they may bear as an honor to their graves, unless, forgetting the deep responsibilities it imposes, they themselves stain the pure and beautiful legacy.

We cannot help thinking, that, to the strong and early development of the Imagination, much of Mrs. Hemans's after-sorrows may be directly traced, when we reflect that her unfortunate attachment did not meet with the approbation of her friends ; and yet, that such was the strength of her sentiments, neither the knowledge of this fact, nor a three years' separation from her lover, at what is usually the season of thoughtlessness and fickleness, could subdue them. Absence, which has cooled so many idle girlish fancies, and mercifully broken off so many unsuitable connexions, had no power to save her from her fate. She was impelled on by those highly-wrought feelings, which afterwards gave such intensity of tenderness, beauty, and pathos to her poetry. She was a child in years, she was but fifteen, when the fascinating young soldier became the hero of her bright dreams ; but in the strength of her excited imagination, in depth of feeling, in constancy of purpose, she was already a woman, — though not, alas ! in maturity of judgment. Thence sprang the fatal union, and the bitterness of disappointment. Who does not see that thence also sprang much of that power which bloomed into fame, but not into happiness ? And who that reads the extracts from her correspondence can envy her the fame so dearly bought ? We will give but one brief passage ; it was written after her health was broken, — but it forcibly expresses sickness both of body and mind : —

“ I have been in a state of great nervous suffering, ever since I last wrote to you ; it is as if I felt and more particularly heard everything with *unsheathed nerves*.” — p. 265.

We have dwelt longer on this part of the subject, than we should have done, because it has seemed to us, that, while her sex have reason to be proud both of the genius and virtue of this admirable woman, the young, the imaginative, among them, may be tempted into too zealous a cultivation of those parts of their nature, which bear the nearest affinity to hers; and commit the dreadful error of unfitting themselves for their own proper sphere, while unable to attain the ethereal height in which her orbit lay. A genius like hers cannot be made; it was a gift; and of so rare and exquisite an order, that it is not likely to reappear often in the lapse of ages. In vainly seeking to nurse a poetical turn of mind into the genius of a Hemans, a life may be wasted, usefulness sacrificed, health injured, and a susceptibility to mental suffering be, after all, the only power quickened into more active vitality.

We do not forget, when we regret that Mrs. Hemans's mind was far from being a well-regulated one, that she is not to be altogether judged by the rules applied to ordinary individuals. She was an extraordinary woman; she was one of the very few who have their mission distinctly marked out, not in the usual track, perhaps, of feminine duties. But, believing as we do, that books absolutely influence the characters of their readers more or less, and that this volume is calculated to fly far and wide, fascinating thousands of hearts, we would pray that it might never be forgotten, — especially by readers of her own sex, — how singularly Mrs. Hemans was gifted, and thereby exempted; how few, like her, can walk in the clouds, without need of firmer footing; how impossible it is for any, except a being precisely like her, to be respected in spite of the indulgence of undisciplined impulses. If she was self-willed to her own misery, if she was sometimes too gay, sometimes too sad, ever the creature of excessive emotions, and ever yielding to the emotion of the instant, — we remember the influences of her constitution, and her education, (for she was evidently the greenhouse plant of a too tender nurture); we remember our obligations to her genius, — and we pardon. Whom else could we so pardon? Who could plead so much against unkind judgment? But eccentricities are never noble, never lovely, in any common being, though many have fallen into the strange error of believing them interesting. Rare are those who have been noble and lovely in spite of them.

We now turn to a part of the volume which can be studied

with unmingled pleasure, and breathes from every line a lesson most delightful to the heart of the Christian reader.

Where found the wandering dove her ark at last? What filled the void of an aching heart with substantial comfort? What was it that at last met the spiritual longings which the exquisite beauty of her own conceptions, the fullness of friendship and filial affection, the justly valued fame accorded by the wise and good, could not satisfy? When all these had done their utmost, when she had become weary of the fragrance exhaled from the ever-renewed flowers of her garland, when she had become acquainted with bereavement by death, as well as by alienation, had been drawn near the *realities* of this life and the next by the departing spirit of a mother, and subdued into calm reflection by severe sickness, — then the Gospel seems to have come to her in its true character of a Comforter, offering to lift the burden from her fainting spirit, and to bind up the heart that had been bleeding for years. Then, when she yielded her spirit to its tranquillizing regulation, she found a joy more still and deep than any which had been vouchsafed in her freest moments of poetic inspiration. Never was anything more beautiful and touching, than the manner in which this sober yet glorious change came over her character, with a sort of bright autumnal calm.

We are far from meaning to intimate that she was not a religious woman, during the spring-time and summer of life. But we think her dearest friends would willingly allow, what we have gathered from the Memoir before us, — that her religious impressions assumed a relative importance, a seriousness, a distinctness, and a practical influence upon her mind, in her latter days, which they had previously wanted. From poetical, though holy *impressions*, they deepened into steady and governing *principles*. What an immense difference there is in the *effect* of impressions and principles!

The moral to be drawn from the last part of Mrs. Hemans's biography is so delightful, that, although it must strike the most careless reader, we cannot pass it over without comment. With this change came — Peace. We see that, at last, although she was still deserted by the husband of her youth, though still struggling with maternal cares, far from the romantic and beloved home of her childhood, sick amid strangers, — (and what forlornness is expressed by those few words!) her spirits became less variable, and in the words of her sister, —

"She no longer sought to forget her trials ; (' wild wish and longing vain,' as such attempts must ever have proved,) but rather to contemplate them through the only true and reconciling medium ; and that relief from sorrow and suffering, for which she had once been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what can alone be called the things that are." — p. 262.

We are tempted to exclaim, would that her feelings had been earlier thus disciplined ! Then, perhaps, her hand might have still swept its earthly lyre, with less perhaps of melting pathos, but with enough of a seraph's power. Had her life been spared, the devout purposes of her soul would have been carried into effect ; and the God of the Christian would have been adored in such strains as have not mounted to the skies, since the royal harper sang the praises of the Holy One of Israel. "I have now," are her memorable words, "passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind, often connected with the passionate study of Art in early life ; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being ; and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay [them] aside, I could not long wander from, without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion ; but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry, and extend its influence." — p. 273.

The heart melts with vain regrets over the untimely grave in which these blessed purposes were buried ; and could almost murmur, did not the ear of Faith recognise some faint, sweet strains from the Spirit-land, telling us that the remainder of her appointed task lay where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Thinking, as we do, that it is no uncommon thing to mistake the love of Nature, or of abstract beauty and purity, for the love of God, — to denominate exalted but vague emotions religion, — we are anxious to summon the attention of our readers to the difference, as exemplified in the earlier and latter part of Mrs. Hemans's brilliant yet melancholy career. Which was best and happiest, — the successful poet, absorbed in following out the impulses of her genius, and swayed by the tyranny of an excited or depressed imagination, or the retired and dying Christian, studying the Scriptures, filled with their holy and soothing inspiration, hourly manifesting their influence in gentle patience, thoughtfulness for

others, serene confidence in her Maker and her Saviour, and expressing the state of her soul in occasional strains of religious aspiration ; — like the following, which was her last composition a few days before her death.

SABBATH SONNET.

“How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England’s primrose meadow-paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, ’midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day !
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways — to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.”

L. J. P

ART. V. — *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Prison Discipline Society.* May, 1839.
Published at the Society’s Rooms.

THIS valuable document, presented at the annual meeting of the Society in May last, has just been published ; and, like all that have preceded it, presents a mass of important information, well deserving the attention of every intelligent and philanthropic citizen. The community, we might rather say the nation, are indebted to the labors of its devoted and indefatigable secretary. The statistics he has gathered by personal observation and correspondence are of unquestionable authority ; and on the various topics, of which the Report treats, — the condition of “ Penitentiaries, of County Prisons, and Houses of Correction ;” on “ Houses of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents ;” on “ Imprisonment for Debt ;” and especially on “ Asylums for Poor Lunatics,” the public may see what has been done and what still remains to be done for these great objects.

Few of our philanthropic institutions have accomplished so much, in modes so unexceptionable, or with evidence so satisfactory, as the "Prison Discipline Society." During the fourteen years of its existence it has awakened the public attention to interests, vitally connected with the safety and well-being of the community, and with the physical and spiritual condition of thousands of individuals. It has mercifully visited the prisoner in his cell; and it has generously pleaded the cause of the "poor debtor." It has fearlessly exposed abuses, where abuses were undeniable; and at one time, by suggesting improvements, and at another, by commending what was already excellent, it has, we believe, exerted a most salutary influence.

There is one subject, however, to which, as we collect from the Reports, its special attention has been directed, namely, the condition of the Insane, and Asylums for Poor Lunatics. It would well nigh break the heart of the compassionate, to think what horrors were formerly endured by this most unfortunate class of our fellow-creatures. The abuses of power committed in private and public asylums for these sufferers, both in our own country and in Great Britain, boasting as we do of civilization and charity, would be absolutely incredible, were they not attested beyond the possibility of denial. "If a faithful picture of the pitiable condition of the insane pauper could be drawn, confined in his lonely cell, deprived of the sweet air and light of heaven, cast off from all the tender charities of life, forced into returnless banishment, the recital, like the lyre of Orpheus, would move the very stones to pity."*

In nothing have the labors of humanity, in times distinguished as are these by philanthropic effort, been more judiciously exerted, or more signally blest, than in efforts for the relief of the insane. They have prevailed to expose the utter uselessness and absurdity, not less than the cruelty of the system common in Great Britain and in this country, till within a few years past. When the Archbishop of York, (Dr. Venables Vernon,) with the help of the municipality of that city, actually

* See an eloquent speech of Dr. Collins, of Baltimore, before the Legislature of Maryland, urging an appropriation for the completion of the Insane Hospital in that State. But for the fullest exhibition of the cruelties, and dreadful abuses of power in institutions of this class, public and private, see the *Examinations and Reports*, by the Committee of the House of Commons, 1816 - 20.

forced open the cells and dungeons of a large establishment for lunatics, in that neighborhood, (entrance to which, though it was demanded by authority of Parliament, had been previously refused,) spectacles of misery were exhibited too appalling for recital, and almost surpassing imagination. The wonder was, and it was expressed by that committee in terms of eloquent indignation, that they had not surpassed human endurance; or that life could have been sustained amidst cold and damp, nakedness and filth, confinement without relief and barbarous inflictions, such as were there in multiplied examples exposed. The secrets of those prison-houses would —

“A tale unfold,
Whose lightest word would harrow up the soul.”

It is truly delightful to contrast a condition of things, at the very thought of which humanity sickens, with the wise, humane, considerate, and we might almost say, affectionate system, now so generally adopted and successful. Take, for examples, our State Asylum at Worcester, under the superintendence of Dr. Woodward, or the excellent establishment for the insane, at Charlestown, under Dr. Bell, and let a stranger visit them on a Sabbath-day, or any day, in their chapel, at the hours of prayer; let him observe this congregation of patients, not only clothed, and apparently in their right minds, but listening with attention and satisfaction to the service, maintaining a decorum, such as we should be happy to see in some of our *sane* assemblies, and he would wonder at the power of medical skill, and the blessed efficacy, which God gives to kindness, to calm the tempests, and heal the diseases of the mind.

Just as we were penning these few remarks, it happened to us to glance at an extract from a letter recently published in one of our daily journals,* written by a young lady, one of the patients of the Worcester Asylum, describing the manner in which the late annual Thanksgiving was observed in that institution. The letter itself is valuable, were it only to show the method in which “the intelligent superintendent of that Institution continues to acquire an ascendancy over the minds of his patients.” But as exhibiting also the quiet, rational, grateful, and even devout frame of an individual, whom it was still deemed needful to continue there, — it must be read with

* See Daily Advertiser, for Dec. 4, 1839.

the highest satisfaction by all who have been, by any circumstances in their own families or others, led to witness or contemplate the ravages of the most awful malady, to which a human being can be subjected.

Now, of the needless sufferings and abuses, to which the insane were formerly exposed, the "Prison Discipline Society" has done much for the alleviation. As will abundantly appear by reference to its Reports of former years and of the present, it has called the attention of the humane in general, but particularly of the state legislatures to the subject. By the exposures and statements it has made, it has proved the necessity, and in many instances actually effected the establishment, of public, liberally founded, and what is quite as indispensable, vigilantly superintended hospitals. This it has accomplished, partly, by the good influence of the respectable names which have always been connected with the government of the corporation, inspiring a general confidence; but chiefly by the personal labors, the intelligent and unwearied zeal of Mr. Dwight, its secretary. And it is grateful to us to reflect, that a society, unaided by any permanent funds, absolutely dependent for its resources on annual subscriptions and donations, and these gathered for the most part by the personal application of the individual who conducts its general interests, should have accomplished so much in a cause so deeply interesting and important. We earnestly trust that it may find encouragement to do still more. There are not many objects more worthy the attention or the patronage of the enlightened and humane.

Under the last head of this Report are several valuable communications from correspondents, in reply to inquiries proposed by the Secretary, touching some difficult points of Prison Discipline. Among these is a letter of Rev. J. Curtis, the faithful and assiduous chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison. His remarks on the question, "Whether stripes or the infliction of corporal chastisement can with propriety ever be resorted to, in the government of a well regulated prison," are creditable alike to his judgment and humanity. The result, to which he cautiously but without hesitation arrives, is that which we might easily anticipate, and which the experience of teachers in public schools and others, called to exercise authority over mixed and numerous assemblages of old and young, abundantly confirms, namely, that there are cases of peculiar obstinacy, which will yield to nothing else than corporal chas-

tisement : that rare and temperate as should be the infliction of such discipline, it may be found indispensable ; and when the necessity occurs, may be resorted to with a more ready effect, and a far happier result both to the individual punished and to the institution, than can be secured in any other way. " I feel confident," says Mr. Curtis, " that this mode of punishment in the case of certain individuals, will in a very short time effect that, which days and weeks of solitude and starvation, and even chains, cannot accomplish ; and this, too, without endangering the health of the sufferer, as is often done by solitude with its usual privations."

In confirmation of this opinion, he adduces an example of a prisoner, who for six years was under his official observation, and who for full half of that period feigned madness, in hope of obtaining a pardon from the government. Suspicions were early excited as to the reality of his insanity, and various methods, some of no small severity, were employed to ascertain the truth, — but all to no purpose. He continued to persevere in the same course, notwithstanding all the experiments tried upon him and the sufferings he endured, part of which were self-inflicted, to keep up the deception. At length, (we take the liberty of abridging the narrative,) such unequivocal marks of deception were detected as satisfied the warden that he was an impostor, and he then resolved to try the efficacy of corporal punishment. The convict was told, that if he made any more noise or disturbance during the day, he should receive at night ten stripes : and in case he did not then submit, but continued to give trouble, he should receive the same punishment the next morning ; and, as he was now known to be an impostor, the same course would be pursued with him night and morning, till he should return to duty. But he was also told, that if he would confess the imposition, he should be forgiven notwithstanding all that had passed.

As he continued refractory during the day, " he was taken from his cell at night, and the ten stripes were inflicted ; and he was reminded of the punishment he was daily to expect, if he did not alter his conduct. The next morning came, and brought with it a report, that the night had been as the preceding day. He was again brought out, and preparation made for his punishment, when he was again exhorted to return to duty, and again assured, that if he did this, the past should be forgiven. At first there were no visible signs of relenting ; and

the person who was to inflict the stripes was about to proceed, when this wilful impostor could hold out no longer, and declared his willingness to submit and to return to duty. He was accordingly spared, and shortly after sent to the workshop to labor with others; and for a term of about three years continued to labor faithfully and industriously until his discharge from prison."

All the suspicions that had been awakened of his conduct were fully confirmed by the voluntary confession which he afterwards made. And with such an example of mingled obstinacy and cunning, and such a result as is here described, we cordially concur with Mr. Curtis in the wisdom of the course pursued. It was indispensable and it was kind. We are only left to wish, that the infliction of such discipline and the care of all prisons were in hands as skilful and humane as is the State Prison of this Commonwealth. From Mr. Dwight's reports, and from other sources, we find too much reason to fear, that, within some of the penitentiaries of this land, there exist abuses, cases of negligence and of cruelty, which call loudly for investigation, and which justice and humanity demand, should without delay be rectified or exemplarily punished.

F. P.

ART. VI. — *The School Library.* Published under the sanction of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts. Boston, 1839. Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb.

1. *Life of Columbus*: by WASHINGTON IRVING. 12mo.
2. *Paley's Natural Theology*: newly arranged and edited by ELISHA BARTLETT, M. D. 2 vols. 12mo.
3. *Lives of Eminent Individuals, celebrated in American History.* 3 vols. 12mo.
4. *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*: by Rev. H. DUNCAN, D. D. Adapted to American Readers, by F. W. P. GREEKWOOD, D. D. 4 vols. 12mo.

THE publishers of the School Library, of whose plan and promise we gave some account in a former notice, have just

issued the works named above, as the beginning of the larger series. Here are ten volumes ; and so far as their faces are indexes of character, few that have come forth from the American press have better claims to acquaintance. In external and internal appearance they are verily a treat to the eye, and we shall be greatly surprised if they do not prove a treat to the mind. The plan is large and noble, and the execution thus far is worthy of the plan. It is to be sure but a beginning. The design, it will be remembered, is to send out these works in sets of five or ten volumes each, at intervals of several months, for the greater accommodation of those school districts whose funds are limited. The first set being now fairly before the public, there is an opportunity to judge of the whole scheme. We have looked through the volumes with great satisfaction ; and though we cannot attempt anything like a formal review of each, — which from the nature of the works is quite unnecessary, — we wish to make known their general character, and to recognise the obligation of the community, particularly of the friends of education, to those who have embarked in this great enterprise.

The first volume contains the *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, by Irving, abridged by the author from his original work, and adapted to this series. Of its character we need say nothing. We are glad that the younger class of readers will have so easy an opportunity, and so pleasant an inducement, to become acquainted with the man and the events, which gave birth to this western world. It is more than time, that our young men, and our elder children, learned with some thoroughness and correctness the history of their own country. Heretofore, in our schools at least, they have learned every other history first and better. In fact, in our common schools, it would be hazardous to speak of their learning any history. With some opportunity of knowing the general character of these schools, we have seen almost nothing, in pupils or teachers even, that indicated a familiar acquaintance with American History. And one reason, no doubt, has been the want of interesting and suitable books for this study. The book before us is not, we know, designed to be used in schools. It is to be kept in mind, that this series, which the Board of Education are furnishing, is for use out of school, and not at all in the place of manuals. "The LIBRARY is to consist of *reading*, and not *school*, *class*, or *text* books ; the design being to furnish youth with suitable

works for perusal during their leisure hours ; works that will interest, as well as instruct them, and of such a character that they will turn to them with pleasure, when it is desirable to unbend from the studies of the school-room." But every one will see, that so far as the books are read, the effect will be the same or better than if they were used in school. It is precisely one of our great wants, to supply material for the profitable reading of the older children out of school. Text books abound, and super-abound. But proper books for leisure hours, having a bearing upon the studies of childhood and youth, or a permanent and wholesome influence upon the mind of the reader, have been extremely few. Some of the libraries that have been formed, where any have been, by school districts, or by scholars themselves out of their poor pittance, thrown into the teacher's hand, as we have seen in some instances, or, still worse, libraries gathered from the refuse matter which parents and friends chose to send in — have been enough to call for the turning of rivers from their bed to sweep off the offence. How much more agreeable, if it can be swept away by the deep and pure streams flowing from our noblest fountains of intellect, refreshing the scene, fertilizing the soil, bringing forth fruit an hundred fold. There is no aspect or token of the age, in which we more rejoice, than in the devotion of our greatest scholars and noblest men, to the work of common education, and the reform of the District School. It is a consistent part of this devotion, to bring in such writers as Irving, and such characters and lives as that of Columbus to aid it. With all the glow and attractiveness of fiction, this work has the sobriety of fact, and the truth of history, — fact and history, with which every American youth should feel himself specially concerned.

A small portion of this volume of Columbus is original, appearing for the first time in this edition. We refer to the "Author's Visit to Palos," the port in Andalusia where Columbus fitted out his ships, and whence he sailed on his great voyage of discovery. His account of his visit Irving first wrote from Seville, 1828, in a letter to a friend. It swelled under his ready hand, and in the power of the strong local interest, into a long and particular account, which was first published in some ephemeral form abroad, and is now given in this durable form to the American public. Though not of great value for anything new or striking which it contains, it is a pleasant reminiscence, and gives additional interest to the volume. The whole is con-

cluded with a Glossary of hard words and uncommon phrases, and a copious Index. These are to accompany all the volumes of the School Library, to such extent as the nature of each may require; and we ask attention to them, as enhancing not a little the value of the works, though regarded only as new editions.

The first forty-eight pages of this first volume consist of an Introductory Essay, prepared by one of the Board of Education, as a preface to the whole series. It is written with ability, though we should have preferred more of original matter, and not so remarkable a proportion of borrowed pages accessible in other places. The views here drawn, however, from those who are engaged in similar schemes of education in other states, are very valuable, as exhibiting not only sound thoughts, but new and noble efforts in the cause. The following passage we offer from the Essay, showing the character of the proposed publications: —

“The SCHOOL LIBRARY will be rich in the departments of History, especially the history of our own country; in Biography, particularly of distinguished Americans; in Voyages and Travels; in those branches of Natural Philosophy and Natural History, which are most useful to the whole community, and which may most easily be moulded into a popular form; and in the theory and practice of Agricultural and Mechanical pursuits, to which last branches of knowledge too little attention has been paid, both by writers for the public, and readers generally.”

The second and third volumes of the Library consist of “Paley's *Natural Theology*, with selections from the illustrative Note, and the Supplementary Dissertations of Sir Charles Bell and Lord Brougham; the whole newly arranged and edited by Elisha Bartlett, M.D.” It is seen at once that we have not here a mere republication of a book in every one's possession or knowledge. It is essentially a new work. It is a decided improvement, we should say, upon the recent English Edition, which is used as the foundation. In that edition, the Notes and Dissertations were published as an Appendix to the entire work; and an appendix is not very attractive at best, and seldom thoroughly read. Dr. Bartlett has incorporated such of the Dissertations, as he thought best to retain, into the body of the work, bringing them into immediate connexion with those chapters of Paley, which they were designed to illustrate. This is far better as an arrangement, and its value is increased by the omission of all unnecessary explanation, as well as of

that which is too abstruse for the general reader. Those who know Dr. Bartlett will be willing to trust him for the selection and adaptation. He has also added a few notes of his own, and some additional cuts. In the first volume, and in their proper place, we have several extended illustrations from Bell; and in the second volume, a long discourse of Brougham, on the Origin of Evil, &c.; with nearly two hundred pages, in conclusion of the two volumes, of Brougham's views of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Osteology, and their application to Natural Theology, together with the "Dialogues" of the same remarkable man on "Instinct and Animal Intelligence." These dissertations and dialogues are valuable, not so much for original thought, that we perceive, or novel illustration, as for vigor, discrimination, and the fresh interest which such a mind gives to every subject. We express probably more than an individual opinion, when we declare our disappointment as to the success of Lord Brougham's literary, and much more, theological disquisitions generally. We cannot, however, pretend to the most intimate acquaintance with them, and for the very reason, that they have failed to engage and tempt us to such acquaintance. Still there is interest and instruction to be found in them; and we are disposed to think that it is the previous expectation, rather than the reality, that causes any disappointment. We are glad to see the best of his speculations, and much of his clear and nervous reasoning in defence of the noblest truths, incorporated with a work which must live so long as any concern for Natural Theology lives, or any interest indeed in religion itself.

And here we cannot but express, though it be by a word only, our admiration of Paley's great work. It is, indeed, a great work; great for him, great in its subject, and itself. We never open it but with a wish to keep it open. Well do we remember the glow and passion with which we first read it, and the hearty outbreak of youthful enthusiasm, which we could not and would not suppress, when we came to that simple, earnest declaration, — for which all before it had so well prepared us, — "This *is* a happy world, after all!" Yes, our whole heart responded, — and many times since, in many views of nature and life, have the same thrilling words passed or lingered upon the lips. It does the soul good to read such books. And we thank the Board of Education for giving this so prominent a place, and so beautiful a dress, where it must be seen and known by a class

of readers of both sexes, to whom it has been for the most part, we fear, but a stranger.

It is important to be observed, that the text of Paley in this edition is left untouched. And it is pleasing to see how few important errors have been detected in a work of this kind, even with the discoveries and progress of science during half a century. It is still more gratifying, to find that the American Editor, in referring to the modifications which some of Paley's statements would bear, and seem to require, says, — "They consist, for the most part, rather in an understating, than in either an over-stating or a mis-stating of the doctrine, or the argument, whatever it may be," and he cites, in illustration, the main proposition of the chapter, on the Goodness of the Deity; namely, "that in a *vast plurality* of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is *beneficial*." Dr. Bartlett thinks the true doctrine authorizes us to read *all* in the place of "a vast plurality." This he suggests only in the preface, giving with it one or two other similar instances. And it serves to show the perfect fairness with which Paley argues, so remarkable in one so fervent, and helping, more than all other qualities, to inspire confidence, and gain conviction.

We have but one doubt about the arrangement and form of these two volumes. We apprehend sufficient distinction has not been made between the text and the commentary, or borrowed illustration. The discourses of Bell and Brougham are published in the same type and style as the work of Paley. And though enclosed always in brackets, and followed by the name of the author in full, so that an intelligent and careful reader may always distinguish, a common reader would not, in every case at least, until he came to the end of the long extracts. The insertion of the name of the author at the beginning, instead of the end of the extract, or some more definite mark there, would prevent a doubt or mistake, which may sometimes be important. Prefixed to these volumes, there is a new life of Paley, or "Memoirs of the Author," by Rev. Robert Lyman. At least, it is new to us, as well as the name of the Biographer, — and we believe this to be its first appearance in an American edition. It adds to the value of the work.

The next three volumes of the School Library are made up of *Lives of Eminent Individuals*, selected from Sparks's *American Biography*. The first volume contains a portrait of Robert

Fulton, and his Life, with that of John Stark, David Brainerd, and John Smith. The second volume, with a portrait of Sebastian Cabot, containing his Life, and that of Ethan Allen, Henry Hudson, Joseph Warren, Israel Putnam, and David Rittenhouse. In the third volume, are the Lives of Sir Henry Vane, William Pinkney, Anthony Wayne, William Ellery, and Richard Montgomery, with a portrait of the first. These fifteen Lives go far toward fulfilling the promise, that the Library shall be rich in the department of Biography. Of their character it were quite superfluous to say anything. The community have passed approving judgment upon them, and they will stand. It is well that they are here presented to families, schools, and communities, in a form more accessible and more likely to be procured and read, than in the entire series of ten volumes as originally published. Of the selection there may be different opinions; but it would be found not easy, we think, to make a better. It will be remembered that the Editor of the American Biography is a member of the Board of Education; and this selection is therefore to be considered as having his sanction. Among the many services that Mr. Sparks has rendered the community and posterity, this is not least, that he has lent his own pen, and enlisted so many of the best in the country, in the preparation of these Biographies. What treasures have thus been gathered and secured, — materials for the historian, examples for young and generous ambition, and some of the most durable portions of our country's glory. And when, more than all, we compare such reading with most that our teachers and pupils of common schools have had, where they have had any, even the best of the libraries of our villages and districts, we have a growing conviction of obligation to all who have helped to furnish these volumes.

The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons makes the next four volumes, and the last of the set we are noticing. In some respects they are the most important of the set. They are the only part of it that appear for the first time in this country, and their character is peculiar. The author is Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D., of Ruthwell, Scotland. He first published this work about three years ago, proposing as its chief object, "to illustrate the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year." The plan of the work seems to have been suggested in part by "Sturm's Reflections," each volume being devoted to one Season, and a chapter to every day in the Season. But this is

the only resemblance to Sturm, of which the reader will be reminded probably. And this we can hardly consider an advantage. Artificial divisions of this kind, so minute and so fixed, allowing no variation for the nature of the topic treated, are generally of doubtful wisdom. We suppose, however, indeed all know, that there is a large class of readers to whom such divisions are a decided convenience, if not a solid advantage. And they are precisely the readers, for whom these books as now published are designed. To be read by families as such, or by teachers to their schools in the way of moral and religious exercises, a chapter or marked portion each day of the week, and thus a volume in a season, and the entire work in the year, — the arrangement is admirable. Every one, who knows the habits of those families who read but little, and wish that little to be of a moral and instructive character, will see what a temptation is offered, and what a security gained, by just such a plan as this.

But the matter of these volumes we value more than the form. We have read them with great pleasure, and greater profit than we usually expect from such compilations. The attempt to blend science with religion has so often led, though by no means necessarily, to the misrepresentation of the one or the other, and the effort to give to the whole a popular and yet thoroughly scientific character has so many times utterly failed, that we look upon such plans with distrust. The success, if such it be, of the most voluminous and seemingly one of the most popular writers of the day, Thomas Dick, has not been such as to lessen this distrust. We have a strong conviction that this work of Duncan, with the additions and modifications of Dr. Greenwood, will be found more trustworthy and valuable, than any of the kind that has yet appeared. It is not original, but professedly a compilation in great part. The extent and variety of subjects are immense, and at the first glance almost terrific. There is not only something on almost every topic belonging strictly to Natural History, but portions of Astronomy, Geology, Agriculture, Architecture, Food, and Clothing, — beside the treatment of very many religious subjects for the Sunday reading. This immensity of field prevents, of course, thoroughness of investigation, or completeness. Completeness is not the characteristic of the work. It is not the design. But the want of it is not felt as an evil. Where there is not full instruction, there is useful suggestion, which is often better. And

to many minds, to the common reader and the young generally a vast deal of information will be conveyed ; information of the best kind too, both as connected with exalted and delightful themes, and yet more, as being remarkably accurate.

For this last trait, accuracy, of which alone we can further speak, the credit is due, in no small degree, to the American Editor. Dr. Greenwood is known to be not only a lover, but a practical observer and student in several departments of Natural History. He was therefore every way qualified to prepare this edition, and adapt it to its place. One of the entire and best papers for Sunday, on "Spiritual Transformation," is from his pen. His careful hand appears in important alterations, and his good taste and discrimination in the occasional insertion of fine passages from some of our own writers, and the substitution of a few unexceptionable religious papers, in place of those that might offend some particular faith or feeling. This last change, however, has been very infrequent, for there were but few calls for it ; yet it was sometimes necessary, in compliance with the promise of the Board of Education, that nothing should be admitted offensive to the sentiments of any religious denomination. In his regard for this promise, the present Editor, to use his own words, "has carefully and conscientiously abstained from introducing any of the peculiar opinions of the denomination to which he himself belongs." Indeed, the whole religious character of the work is high and pure. It must do good. The need of such reading, in our community and country particularly, is well set forth in the following passage from the American Preface, of which we would gladly insert much more.

"Its influence is to lead the mind to the religious contemplation and study of the exquisite and marvellous fabric on which we stand, and with which we are placed in mysterious contact. A happy and needed influence. We have, in this country, enterprise enough, and men of enterprise ; politics and politicians enough ; new ideas and theories in plenty ; sufficient agitation and sectarianism. What we especially want, is more calmness, and contentment, and refinement, and more of that knowledge which tends to inspire them. We want more quiet students of God's works, earnest though quiet, who may diffuse abroad a portion of that peace with which their own hearts are imbued, and of that information which will insensibly but surely operate to correct the crudities, and soften down the rudeness, and put to silence

the quackeries of the times. Such a work as the present is well adapted to infuse the necessary tastes ; to give an impulse and direction to the dormant love of Nature which exists in almost every bosom ; to show the reader, by glimpses here and there, how full of interest, even in what had seemed before the most uninteresting quarters, is the world in which he lives ; and to cause his soul to harmonize with the order and music, which have been breathed into that wondrous world by its invisible Creator."

These four volumes on the Seasons are now furnished by the publishers, separately from the series, to those who do not wish or are not able to purchase the whole. This is an advantage ; and we understand the other works, which make part of the series, will also be published and sold separately. They cannot be afforded, however, at the same price as the entire series, or in as durable binding. For it must be allowed that the price of the School Library, as such, is exceedingly moderate. We may not be competent to judge, but we should pronounce it, as did the prospectus, "cheaper than any other series of works that can be procured at home or abroad," — when we consider the character of the original works, the labor and learning bestowed upon the improvement of these editions, the beauty and durability of the mechanical execution, and not least, the unanimous sanction of such a board of examiners, with Edward Everett at their head. We must express our earnest hope, that the patronage, absolutely needed to sustain so great an enterprise, will not be withheld.

We have been the more exact in noticing these books, and this scheme, because they are to be viewed, not by themselves, but in connexion with the whole cause of popular education, and the generous efforts now made for its furtherance and elevation. Some of the States have made appropriations of various sums to their several school districts, expressly for the purchase of school libraries. It is a yet nobler charity, to create for them, or select and put within their reach, the best books for such libraries. In fact, the plan was first suggested, as we believe, by the repeated applications made to the Board of Education, or their secretary, to recommend and furnish a list of books for this purpose. Here we see at once the call, and the obvious utility. Yet we have heard that it was formally objected, at some public meeting, that these books, or any like them, were not needed ! that the common village and school libraries were good enough ! and, most amusing of all, that no

man, or body of men, has the right to dictate what shall be read! Having been unable to learn of any more sensible or formidable objections than these, we enter into no defence. The single doubt, under which we have labored ourselves, has arisen from the high intellectual character of the works so far issued — too high, we have feared, for the object. But it is said, in reply, that this larger series is designed for teachers and parents, more than for children; and that the Juvenile Series will meet the other want, and obviate the objection. But two or three of the Juvenile Series are yet prepared; too few to speak or judge confidently of the result, but of a character to encourage the best hopes not only for our schools, but for our common Juvenile Libraries, now so numerous, and for the most part so indifferent. The whole plan, if completed, will give us fifty uniform volumes of each series. And as to amount of matter, these first ten books contain over four thousand pages, making an extra volume above the promised average. In every way, therefore, we think the public are well served, thus far. As to the future, if the Board and the publishers will bear the suggestion, we hope they will keep to known and approved works, rather than take the risk of original productions. To this suggestion, we should give the form of a stout objection to original works, if there were any necessity imposed upon school districts or committees to take these books, be they what they may. Such an opinion has prevailed, and we wonder not at the fears it awakened. Happily it has no foundation. Neither the State nor the Board of Education assume any authority in this respect. The legislature has authorized a certain expenditure by each school district, by law or tax, for the purchase of libraries, but left the selection wholly optional. This should be known. And we give it in the words of the Board, in their second annual report. "It will remain entirely optional, with the school districts, in availing themselves of the authority conferred by the act of 12th of April, 1837, whether they will purchase the books recommended by the Board. It is by law left with the discretion of the districts, what rules and regulations may be adopted for establishing and maintaining the libraries authorized to be formed; and the Board have as little inclination as right to encroach on the exercise of this discretion."

E. B. H.

ART. VII. — *Undine*, from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouque. New York. 1839.

THE whole character of this production is peculiar, and, for the most part, singularly beautiful. It has long been considered a master-piece in this department of German literature, and has gained the admiration abroad of such men as Coleridge, and in our own country of many eminent scholars. Indeed it has an originality, which renders it wholly unique; and, with all its strangeness, there is a remarkable simplicity and a genuine pathos which touches the heart. It is a fiction, yet it contains truth. It is both natural and supernatural. It may seem to contain no particular moral, yet it has spiritual power, and is well calculated to purify and elevate a thoughtful mind.

A work of so much genius has naturally attracted attention, and several sketches and abstracts, bearing the same name, have been published both in France and England. We believe, however, that this is the first thorough translation; but whether it be so or not, it is, on many accounts, a work of rare merit. It bears the mark of ripe scholarship; and while it is avowedly a close translation, it is written throughout with classic purity, and enters so entirely into the peculiar spirit of the work, as to render it not so much a translation as a reproduction.

We feel at liberty to state, that it is the work of the Rev. Thomas Tracy, an American scholar, who apart from the bustle and excitement which characterize New England, is able to commune in retirement with the gifted minds of the old world, and unlock the inestimable treasures of thought which are hid in foreign tongues. He has shown a delicacy of taste, a soundness of judgment, and a power of language, which in every way qualify him greatly to enrich the literature of his country.

The literature of Germany seems at the present time to be awakening the wonder of the world. The depth of erudition, thoroughness of research, boldness of speculation, and profoundness of thought which it discloses, have called forth the amazement of some, and the veneration of others. In that country, minds of gigantic strength have been at work, searching to the depth all the kingdoms of Nature, Imagination, and Thought; piercing through the outward forms of things, overthrowing conventionalisms, and boldly pressing forward, even through Chaos and Night, for the everlasting principles of Truth. The

result seems to have been that, while some daring minds have been bewildered in the shades of doubt, others have passed triumphantly through all difficulties, and have had their faith in God and divine revelation fixed upon more than adamantine foundations. They have ascended the holy Mount of Contemplation, and beheld glorious visions of Beauty and Truth. From this diversity of mind come various voices, some in the sharp accents of skepticism, and others in the melodious tones of a pure Christian trust; while among the listening nations, some exclaim, "it thunders!" and others that, "an angel speaks." Thus there are those who associate with the German mind all that is pure and lofty, and others, all that is to be dreaded in infidelity and mystical atheism; while those, who have not personally investigated, have had their curiosity awakened, and earnestly desire that, by translations or otherwise, they may judge for themselves.

Thus scholars among us have commenced the work, and are interpreting to the multitude, on this side of the water, the labors of those who have made greatest advancement in knowledge and wisdom. For our own part, we rejoice that it is so. We believe that the translations which have been lately laid before the public, from Tholuck, and Rückert, and Tennemann, and Ullmann, and Goethe, and Schiller, must be the means of strengthening virtue, and diffusing truth, of exciting the mind to a love of progress and kindling it to holy aspirations.

It may be said by some, that this introduction of foreign thought is injurious to national literature, and that our scholars should be thinking for themselves, and not leaning upon the thoughts of others; and there is some weight in this. But still let it be remembered that Truth belongs to no country, and that a great mind writes not for a nation, but the world. It is only important that, while we seek for good wherever we may find it, we preserve our true individuality, and are never led from our convictions of right by any undue admiration of others.

In what has been said, we have referred to the more profound productions of Germany; the labors of her Theologians and Philosophers; and we can hardly refrain from suggesting to the translator of this beautiful creation by Fouque, that he should unlock some of the treasures of those master minds, and give to us what might be of permanent value, as a work of investigation and thought.

Not that we would imply that in the story before us there is no permanent value, for a value of a certain kind there undoubtedly is, and that of no low order. Truth may be conveyed in other ways than by sermons, or ethical essays, or scientific tracts, and the mind may be elevated and put in harmony with truth, even where no definite truth is conveyed. The beautiful creations of Genius, the exquisite productions of Poetry, may spiritualize and ennoble. They may be so adapted to the higher wants of the soul, as to breathe into it a new life, and strengthen it for the better performance of its most common duties.

The story of Undine is not without its significant truths; which truths often lie like pearls at the bottom of the stream; yet there are also many scattered even along the shore. Such a fiction, however untrue in itself, may be true to the imagination, and true to nature. There may be, and if it is a real work of Genius there must be, a harmony in it, with the great creation around, and the laws of the spiritual nature within.

It is a false idea that nothing is true and practical, but what can be weighed and measured. There are high wants in our nature, and so mysterious is the spirit of man, that it constantly seeks to overleap the senses. It has an inward eye, an inward ear, and a living soul which loves to impart life, and gaze upon the beings of its own creation.

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watry depths: *all these have vanished!*”

But still the soul, which at first peopled nature with these beautiful spirits, is true to itself. The imagination that at first beheld them beholds them still. There is a soul in nature, the will of God giving to all life and beauty; and the mind when it wonders amid the leafy halls of nature, when it hears the sweet murmur of the stream, and gazes down into its crystal depths, when it stands under the boughs of the forest surrounded by shadowy twilight, naturally catches faint glimpses of the universal and indwelling life, and hence is tempted to people space with separate existences. This, together with the overflow of its own inward life, is the source of the mind's belief

in the supernatural, and of its peculiar interest in fictions which are connected with the supernatural ; and it is a remarkable fact, that even the sensualist cannot so deaden his soul as to prevent its being moved by such narratives.

Let us not say then, that no good can come from such fictions, for good may come from the sweet notes of the mildest music, if the spirit is thereby better attuned to the harmony of nature ; and how much more from works of Genius, when a creative mind has given being to what indeed the organ of vision may not behold, but to that in which the mind may at least have an innocent poetic faith.

And let it not be thought, that there is anything in a right culture of the imagination, which is inconsistent with the most practical effort, the most laborious activity. There is an idea, that a strong imagination unfits one for the homely duties of this working-day world, but this can be true only of an unhealthy imagination. The imagination may indeed, like any other faculty, become morbid ; but in a well-balanced mind, the imagination, so far from being at war with the practical, adds strength to the sinews, and life to the soul.

There is an imagination which magnifies and distorts, but this does not belong to the poet or the spiritualist, so much as to the worldly and time-serving. A true imagination gives us nature in her freshness ; it brings before us the distant and unseen, it calls up ideal forms which are true to the wants of the soul. The outward eye is not satisfied with seeing, or the ear filled with hearing, and the imaginative power has been imparted by the Almighty to supply this want.

We may have the most exquisite taste, the most delicate perception of beauty, the most refined sentiments, and yet be indefatigable in labors which to a common mind would seem repulsive ; and the reason is, that a truly refined taste, particularly if accompanied by a Christian spirit, will not dwell on the surface. It will see the defect, and strive the more to bring Order out of Chaos. A keen perception of beauty will look for moral beauty, and, if it has been baptized into the religion of Jesus, it will yearn to awaken all to the Beauty of Holiness.

Imagination is the handmaid of Faith. One reason, why the Preacher produces so little effect, is, no doubt, partly because there is so little vividness in his own conceptions, and partly because his hearers' conceptions are so dull. The spiritual world has little reality, — all is vapory and dream-like. So

with the idea of Christ, there may be an indistinct, hazy splendor, golden perhaps and overpowering, yet still all is not clear, all is "seen as through a glass, — darkly." Christ, the divine Teacher, was not satisfied with abstractions. He embodied all his truths in pictures and allegories, and parables for the imagination, and so should all Teachers who would arouse the soul.

One reason, why men are so insensible to the sufferings of the destitute, is because they have in their minds no living picture. They do not realize the distress which is around them. Nothing can give greater energy to the Philanthropist than the power of entering, in thought, into the situations of others. In his lonely hours, in his evening meditations, in his noon-day walks, he sees the forms of the sorrowing, the woe of the oppressed, the moral desolation of the sinful. It is this which touches the deepest springs of his soul, and awakens the noblest sentiments, and leads to the most untiring exertion.

The true culture of the imagination does not lead to sentimentalism, but elevates the mind above that which is selfish and sensual, and quickens it into spiritual life, till it glows with charity, and delights to exercise itself in self-denial, and in martyr-like zeal for the good of others.

It is true, there should be caution in the culture of the imagination, as in every thing else. A man may have an unsound imagination, as well as an unsound faith. It should be the aim of all, who are interested in spiritual culture, to unfold all the faculties of the mind, and let the soul have ample breadth and elevation in which to exert its powers.

Why should the marvellous be shunned? Rather let our eyes be opened wisely to behold it. Then shall we find it everywhere, in the daily walk, in the works of nature, in the ways of providence, in the word of God, in the depths of our own being. Let us consider well the problem of life, reflect upon time and eternity, joy and sorrow, the flowers and stars, measure the varied powers of the soul, and hold communion with the Infinite; then shall we see that *all* is marvellous, and our hearts will rejoice in the beauty and glory of creation, and repose upon the bosom of God, as upon the bosom of a loving parent. Then in our minds will perceptions of ideal beauty and the love of practical usefulness be harmoniously combined. The dews of heaven will sparkle along our path-way, while the needy will be delivered from trouble, and the widow's heart will sing for joy.

ART. VIII. — *The Life and Times of Martin Luther.* By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," "Sketches of the Old Painters," &c. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company. 1839. 12mo. pp. 324.

IF the value of a book is to be determined by the wholesome pleasure it gives, this will stand with the first of the day. In this view there can be but one opinion, expressed by that single exclamation which we hear so often in regard to it — "O, it is a charming book!" And we take up the pen more with the intent of reiterating this single sentiment, than of attempting a criticism of the book, or a discussion of the subject. We fear to be extravagant, and yet we care not much if we are extravagant, in uttering our honest thanks to the writer, and a hearty commendation to all readers, — it is so delightful to get a pure, warm, life-like picture of events and characters, commonly frigid with the stiffness of pomp and circumstance, or unintelligible with the jargon of scholastic theology. Here are Luther and his faithful Catharine, Melancthon and his sensible Margaret, sitting down in their parlor, talking like human beings as well as Reformers, laughing and loving like men, and not monks. Here is the Emperor, and the Pope, and the friar, and the nun, the stubborn old Catholic, and the sweet little heretic, all arrayed in flesh and blood, about as pretty and as ugly, as wise and foolish, good and bad as other folks, — instead of being prodigies and monsters, saints or satans. And here is the round world rolling on just as it always did, and not stopping because of Martin's apostacy or Leo's bull.

But stay a minute. Do you know that this is all *true*? Go to, ye cold questioners! Do you know that Gibbon is all true, or Mosheim? Is any biography of Luther all true, or likely to be? We know it is substantially true; and why not throw around it the gentle fascinations and probabilities of life, as well as garnish everything with the splendors of virtue or the horrors of vice, alike exaggerated, yet set down and sent out as sober history. We mean not, of course, that this is the character of the histories just referred to, but that it is the tendency of half the historians of the world. And it were wiser to direct to them and their works the searching spirit of criticism, than to apply the rules rigidly to a pleasant biography like this.

Still we are not admitting that it would not bear the rules, nor will we evade the inquiry. It is a very natural and fair inquiry, if we must speak soberly about it. It came to our own lips many times in reading the pages, and we longed to step over and ask the author, how much imagination and fiction had contributed to this beautiful sketch. But we sat still and read on, — hardly willing to spare the time even for such an errand. And when we came to the close, and found that the whole, as a whole, agreed essentially with all that we have heard of Luther and his Times, it really did seem a subordinate question quite, — whether all these conversations passed in these very words, or every event occurred in this precise order.

On this point of authenticity, then, we have no information to give, beyond the general fact already implied, that there is an essential agreement with the histories of the Reformation and its agents. We have some reason to think that the old story of Luther's being born at a Fair, which his mother was attending, is not correct; and that there was nothing peculiar in the circumstances of his birth. But beyond that, we have not the knowledge which has enabled us to detect, nor do we see cause for suspecting, any material error or hurtful fiction. It would have added to the value of the book, in the judgment and enjoyment of many, if the lines of exact truth had been more visibly defined, or at least the reader had been informed as to the sources of information, in regard to private character and domestic life. All the information that is given is contained in the following brief preface.

“Those, who are conversant with the events of Luther's life, will perceive there is no deviation from truth in the following narrative. Where biographers vary in the motives ascribed to him, the author has felt at liberty to select those most consistent with his character. The anecdotes relating to the Reformer, his conversations, &c., will often be recognised, as they have been gleaned from his own writings, and from various authors. The characters and incidents in the narrative are placed in their historical and relative positions, and whatever the author has interwoven is intended only to connect the whole, and make the sketch of ‘Luther and his Times,’ more graphic.”

Never was there a better subject for a graphic sketch. Never were there more diverse and prominent characters brought upon the same stage, and made to act important parts, than in

the great drama of the Reformation, — the “Lutheran Tragedy,” as Erasmus called it somewhat sneeringly. If we go back to the actual opening of the momentary struggle, and bring in Waldus, Wickliffe, and Huss ; or if we begin with Luther, and see him at the side of Melancthon, Zuingle, and Erasmus, having to deal with Tetzels and Leo, Charles V., Frederic the Elector, Francis I., and Henry VIII., not forgetting that part of the tragedy which Calvin and Servetus enacted, with all the minor characters, — we have as great a variety of elements as have ever been brought within the same field of vision, and made in all their diversity and mutual repugnance to harmonize and coöperate for the same grand results. New interest is given to the drama, in the present delineation, by the introduction of the female characters. It were strange, indeed, and the only instance known, if woman did not play her part in those stirring times. Talk as you please of her “appropriate sphere,” you can never exclude her from the sphere of religion. Her influence there has always been felt, and must have been powerfully felt at the period of which we are speaking. Yet we do not remember to have seen it directly introduced and made important in that connexion, but by one writer before the present. In Miss Martineau’s beautiful tale of “Liese, or the Progress of Worship,” — a tale that should be published separately, and better known, — there are scenes of nature and moving interest, of which many will be reminded in reading “Luther and his Times.” But in the latter, from its greater extent, as well as its different cast, these scenes are more frequent and more thrilling. They have all the freshness of originality, combined with the charm of naturalness and probability. There is an air of truth and life which to us is as good as staid history, vastly more interesting, and more likely to arrest the mind and touch the heart.

The lady, to whom the volume before us is ascribed, and who has laid us under previous obligations, must not let this be the last. In such hands, though not in all, we welcome this mode of causing the men and women of former days to pass before us. We do love to see them in a home dress. It is the only dress in which a great portion of readers will ever become familiar with them. We presume to say, that hundreds have here been introduced to Luther, in any proper sense, for the first time. We have heard some express as much, and we doubt not the impression and the knowledge they thus derive will last

longer than that usually gained from history, and lead to the more faithful study of history besides. The most serious question entertained of the accuracy of this picture will turn probably on the temper of the Reformer. It is made to appear more gentle and pleasant than is usual in the portraits given of him. No doubt it is the fairest side of the man. With equal truth, he might be drawn more severe, morose, and violent. We see it sometimes in this sketch. We still think it substantially a true sketch. The picture has commonly been too dark. Luther was not the sour, rash, hard, and vindictive man, that some make him. Saving a sad morbid tendency from nature and education, an imagined call to mingle and fight with all the Devils, — against whom he did contend most manfully, — we suppose there have been few lighter spirits or happier men. A very child of nature and song, a devotee to the arts, and a keen relisher of all humor, — when we remember the superstitions of his childhood, the bigotry of his age, and the burdens and provocations of his peculiar mission, we honor and admire him. We love him, when we read his letters to “Catharine the Queen,” and to “my dear little boy.” So too when we see his love of fables, his translation of *Æsop* going in company with that of the Psalms, and his boyish delight in writing as well as reading the fabulous.

Often, indeed, perhaps as the prevailing nature, Luther was pensive, suffering at times a dreadful melancholy. “Because my manner is sometimes gay and joyous, many think that I am always treading on roses. God knows what is in my heart. There is nothing in this life which gives me pleasure; I am tired of it. May the Lord come quickly and take me hence.” Yet strongly and beautifully does he commend cheerfulness. “Gayety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. — Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but above all to the young.” This from a Monk! Did he not know that of which he speaks, by all he had felt and seen? It is said that his Catharine tried him. Some give her a different face and tongue from those she wears in this book. There are writers who liken her to Petruchio’s lady, of the same name. We choose not to believe it. We have not the proof, nor, unless it comes to us, will we seek it or accept it. If it is drawn from such passages as the following, we will draw the opposite.

"I must have patience with the Pope, with my boarders, my servants, with *Catharine de Bora*, and with everybody else. In short, I live a life of patience." — "If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way."

In the temper of his controversies, Luther unquestionably sinned sometimes, if not often. He would have been a saint, beyond all common saints, if he had not. To think of all that he had to encounter, of the enormous heap of corruption which he was called to remove, with little thought at first of its immensity, or of the thorough work he must make of it, — to think of his tools and allies, the insane and pernicious folly of Carlostadt, the far more formidable, and as he viewed it, treacherous opposition of Erasmus, his early friend, and the scholar of the age, — to consider the character and power of his opposers, and the whole complexion of the sixteenth century, — does it not incline you to forgive all that you see of impetuosity and virulence? We desire never to veil or extenuate the sin of wrath and bitterness, least of all in the Christian teacher and reformer. So far as Luther was guilty of these, let him bear it. But we do suppose he set the matter in very nearly its true light, when he said, if Middleton reports aright, "I am accused of rudeness and immodesty, particularly by adversaries, who have not a grain of candor or good manners. If, as they say, I am saucy and impudent, I am, however, simple, open, and sincere, without any of their guile, dissimulation, or treachery." And when he vents his most cutting sarcasm, with all its coarseness, there is such a mingling of good-natured raillery and honest truth-telling, that we must enjoy it, if it be naughty; as in disposing thus summarily of the stupid Briefs of Pope Adrian:

"It is mortifying to be obliged to give such good German in answer to such wretched Latin. But it is the pleasure of God to confound Antichrist in everything, — to leave him neither literature nor language. They say that he has gone mad and fallen into dotage. It is a shame to address us Germans in such Latin as this, and to send to sensible people such a clumsy and absurd interpretation of Scripture."

The Bulls of Pope Clement he tosses up in similar sport.

"The Pope tells us in his answer that he is willing to throw open the golden doors. It is long since we opened all doors in Germany. But these Italian scaramouches have never re-

stored a farthing of the gain they have made by their indulgences, dispensations, and other diabolical inventions. Good Pope Clement, all your clemency and gentleness won't pass here. We'll buy no more indulgences. Golden doors and bulls get ye home again. Look to the Italians for payment. They who know ye will buy you no more. Thanks be to God, we know that they who possess and believe the Gospel, enjoy an uninterrupted jubilee. Excellent Pope, what care we for your bulls? You may save your seals and your parchment. They are in bad odor now-a-days."

And here is a characteristic scrap from the *Memorabilia*.

"God made the Priest. The Devil set about an imitation; but he made the tonsure too large, and produced a Monk."

Once more, we offer a brief extract, in a far different strain, from a letter written, we believe, to Erasmus, and showing a consciousness of possible error on his own part, and a nobleness of mind for which Luther has not always had credit.

"I daily perceive how difficult it is to overcome long-cherished scruples. Oh, what pain has it cost me, though the Scripture is on my side, to defend myself to my own heart for having dared singly to resist the Pope, and to denounce him as Antichrist! What have been the afflictions of my bosom! How often, in the bitterness of my soul, have I pressed myself with the Papist's argument, — Art thou alone wise? are all others in error? have they been mistaken for so long a time? What if you are yourself mistaken, and are dragging with you so many souls into eternal condemnation? Thus did I reason with myself, till Jesus Christ, by his own infallible word, tranquillized my heart, and sustained it against this argument, as a reef of rocks thrown up against the waves laughs at all their fury."

We part from honest Martin Luther, as he has been set before us in this most agreeable volume, with the pleasant hope of meeting him again soon, and seeing him longer, in the great work on the Reformation, which D'Aubigné is sending us from Geneva, of which delightful tidings have reached our ears, and from a Review of which, in a late number of the *Edinburgh*, we have taken our last quotations.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

The Poets of America : illustrated by one of her Painters. Edited by John Keese. New York : S. Colman. 12mo. pp. 284. — This is a volume of specimens of American Poets, remarkable for the great beauty of type, paper, and illustrations, and intended, we suppose, as a sort of annual. We do not mean to imply in this that the literary part of the undertaking is not sufficiently well executed. The editor appears to have been competent to his task. The selections are not, indeed, in every instance to our liking. But when the choice ranges through so wide a field, no single selection could be made, perhaps, that should suit every taste. Still, as we judge, Mr. Keese has shown himself too "wide a liker." If the work is to be continued, as is partly promised, we should say that a little more exclusiveness in his principles of choice, a little less good-natured indulgence to the claims of "new men" — there are more than twenty names in the table of contents we never before heard of in our Parnassus — would present volumes of a more permanent value, well worthy a place in any library, and moreover, offering subjects more worthy the great talent of the artist who illustrates them. As it is, the present volume cannot fail to meet with a favorable reception on the part of the public. It is altogether one of the most attractive publications of the American Press. We are particularly pleased with it as another instance of the introduction of the fashion of pictorial illustration into our ornamental printing. This, we believe, is but the second example of it. There is a freedom, a grace, a wild beauty about it, which to us have charms beyond the formal print. The artist, too, rises nearer to a level with the poet upon whom he waits. His illustrations take the rank of a running commentary on the author, and, as happens elsewhere, the commentary sometimes surpasses in value and beauty the text, — the artist rises above the poet and novelist. This is quite true, we think, of the little volume which led the way in this kind of printing, entitled "A Christmas Gift from Fairy Land," published about a year since. "The Painter" there showed himself a man of a most graceful and fertile genius, — which, perhaps, the author did not, — and gave us a book of designs more creditable to American Art than any we remember to have seen. The illustrations of the volume of American Poets are from the same pencil, and though not equal to those of the Fairy Gift, the principal fault we have to find with them is, that they are too few. It is a sad disappointment to turn over so many leaves and not see their beauty

upon the broad margin. We hope that in another volume the publishers will be encouraged by the success of their first attempt to invite the artist to a more free and unrestrained indulgence of his fancy. A more acceptable offering could not be made to the lovers of beautiful books. We would suggest that in another volume the type should not be changed in the text. The effect is bad. Let the illustrations wander between the verses and around them, as the margin will allow, — the verses, as the artist may desire, being occasionally thrown farther apart. We object, too, on the score of taste, to party-colored prints; except in the case of works for children. Black and white alone are classical.

Anatomical, Pathological, and Therapeutic Researches on the Yellow Fever of Gibraltar of 1828; by P. CH. A. LOUIS, Physician to the Hotel Dieu, &c. &c. Translated from the manuscript by G. C. SHATTUCK, jr. M. D. — The Memoirs of James Jackson, jr. first familiarized to us the name of M. Louis. Since the publication of that beautiful biography, translations of his principal works have been published in this country, and regarded by those best qualified to judge, as important accessions to medical science. We have read the treatise on Yellow Fever with much interest. Of its professional merits it falls not within our province, nor are we competent, to speak; but as a specimen of clear statement, sound reasoning, and the application of rigidly philosophical principles, to the department of science which has been most loose and doubtful, it deserves to be carefully studied. The translator's introduction is on this point full of good sense. If medicine ever attain to the certainty which belongs to other branches of inquiry, it must be through the same exact and carefully recorded observations, which have been applied by astronomers to the planets, and by geologists to the earth. In this way only can each generation profit by the labors of those who have gone before. This is what M. Louis has been laboring to accomplish in his profession; and whatever may be the value of the particular results to which he may arrive, we cannot but regard this and his other works as laying the only true foundation for a series of observations, which, if carried out as they are begun, must eventually lead to a knowledge of disease, its causes, laws, preventives, and remedies, which will prove to be of the utmost importance to mankind. For this reason we rejoice in the circulation of his works; and it is particularly a matter of congratulation, that the young men of the profession are entering with zeal into his mode of investigation, and

are willing to spend the time and labor necessary to carry out such researches. There is in the community, whether with or without reason, a growing dissatisfaction with medical practice; and it is only from seeing those, on whom we are so dependent in our weakness, earnestly engaged in the advancement of their science, that we can have the confidence so essential at once to our comfort and theirs.

The Lecturess ; A Tale ; by the author of "My Cousin Mary." Boston. 1839. — We hold ourselves indebted, — and the community with us, — to any good writer, who in these days of theories and visions invites us back to the sober realities of life; who reminds us, when we are tempted to forget it, of the place in which Providence has set us, and helps us contentedly and faithfully to fulfil its duties. This is skilfully done by the writer of this little Tale, which she calls "The Lecturess," because her heroine prefers the hearing, still more the uttering, of lectures, and fulfilling her fancied destinies abroad, to conjugal affection and the blessings of home. The story is a sad one, but excellently well told; and should any of our fair readers find themselves tempted, by any misguided preferences of their own, to turn a mournful fiction into a more mournful fact, and forsake their own mercies by forsaking their own sphere, we affectionately commend it to their perusal.

A Letter to W. E. Channing, D. D., on the Subject of the Abuse of the Flag of the United States, in the Island of Cuba, and the Advantage taken of its Protection in Promoting the Slave Trade ; by R. R. MADDEN. Boston: Ticknor. 1839. — The name of Mr. Trist has been frequently in the newspapers of late, with many disgraceful additions; but until we read this pamphlet of Dr. Madden we knew no sure ground of belief as to the justness of their application. This at least seems to be such. He brings against the Consul serious charges of misconduct, and substantiated by documentary evidence of apparently unquestionable authority. If it be true, as Dr. Madden states, — that American vessels have been suffered to proceed with stores for Africa, and even to return to the Island of Cuba with slaves under the Portuguese flag, with the full knowledge of the Consul of the United States, — that fraudulent transfers of papers have constantly been made of vessels employed or destined for this trade, — that slaves under fictitious titles described in fraudulent declaration, as *free indented laborers*, and duly attested by the Consul of the United States, have been exported from Havana to

Texas, — that the slave trade from Cuba for the last two years has been carried on under the protection of the Portuguese and American flags, — that the use and abuse of these flags was of necessity known to Mr. Trist, and connived at by him, — if these things be true, then is all that has been said of this man more than justified, — then is it true that he has violated the laws of his country, in aiding and abetting what those laws declare to be piracy, and that justice demands his recal and an arraignment at her bar to answer for his misdeeds. Beside these things, he seems, from the statements of Dr. Madden, to be a person, from the violence of his passions, wholly unfitted for the office which he fills. His usage of the British Commissioners, in his correspondence with them, is more like that of a madman or a vulgar braggadocio, than a man representing a great country in so important a place. So is his language touching slavery, where he says, “that he entertains a deliberate and oft revolved doubt, whether, considered merely in itself, the slave trade be not a positive benefit to its supposed victims. Were the trade open and regulated in the way that emigrant vessels are, I should entertain no doubt on the subject;” and “then he enters,” says Dr. Madden, “into a long and labored defence of slavery and the slave trade.” We have no room to do more than call attention by these few remarks to a pamphlet written by a philanthropist on a subject, in which the honor of our country and the cause of humanity are deeply concerned.

Buckminster's Works. Two volumes. 12mo. J. Munroe & Co. — The publishers of these volumes have conferred a great favor upon the public in the very neat edition they have lately issued of the writings of Mr. Buckminster. It has been prepared for the press under the editorial management of Prof. H. Ware, jr. Being of the duodecimo form, it is better adapted to Church and other libraries than the octavo editions which have preceded it, — and no library, — no religious library at least, — no library for the young should be without it. In another number we hope to take a more extended notice of one of the most valuable reprints of the day.

Dewey's Discourses. — A new volume of discourses by Mr. Dewey has lately been published, “in explanation and defence of Unitarianism.” We greet its appearance with great satisfaction, and from the preface offer the following extract stating the precise object of the work. “The author's purpose in this volume has been, in the first place, to offer a brief summary of the Unitarian belief;

in the next place, to lay down the essential principles of all religious faith; thirdly, to state and defend our construction, as it is generally held among us, of the Christian Doctrine; Fourthly, to illustrate by analogy our views of practical religion; and finally, in the two closing discourses, to discuss the true proportion and harmony of the Christian character." The following are the subjects of the separate discourses. Unitarian Belief; Nature of Religious Belief; On the Trinity; On the Atonement; On the five Points of Calvinism; On Future Punishment; Four discourses on the Analogy of Religion with other Subjects; a discourse on Liberality and Strictness; a discourse on Moderation.

Pictures of early Life; or Sketches of Youth; by Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb. 1839. — This is one of the juvenile series of works put out by the Board of Education. It contains eighteen stories. Some of them are simple, affecting, natural; as that of "Moss Roses; or Brother and Sister;" while others, such as "Cecilia," and "School Friendship," are too much like little novels. There is, indeed, always a moral tone, and a moral aim; but with all that, frequently too much of the Romantic. Is there nothing to be apprehended from this boundless flood of romance, in the shape of children's stories, which is pouring into our libraries and parlors? Do none experience a difficulty in persuading children now-a-days to read history and biography, accustomed as they are to this surfeit of so much more exciting nutriment? And if that be the case, is it not a sign of evil? Yet perhaps the objection lies rather against the character of the fiction than the fiction itself. There can no evil or danger result from the perusal of those little fictions, the Prodigal Son, or the Good Samaritan. If history be justly styled philosophy teaching by example, why may not some kinds of fiction be as justly styled religion teaching by example? But if so, it is only some kinds.

Rollo's Travels, and Rollo's Correspondence, are the titles of two more of this series of books for the young. We notice them not to commend, but to find fault, — not with the matter of the volumes, for we have not read them, — but with the prints, if prints they can be called. They are rather but the tracks of some poor tool upon some soft lead or softer wood. In the former volumes of the series the pictures have been tolerable; these are intolerable.

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